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R. TAYLOR.

ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT COWES ON MONDAY LAST.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Excessive ugliness—what is called in Wiltshire the being “sinful ordinary”—is stated by the official “Manual of Prescription” in France to be a bar to military aspiration. “It makes a man ridiculous, and prevents him having authority over his comrades.” It used to be thought that “looking ugly” had a depressing effect upon the enemy, and certainly all savages put on war-paint with this intention; but, if the impression on your fellow-soldiers is similar to that of grinning through a horse-collar, it is better to be good-looking. On the other hand, there have been great warriors not remarkable for personal beauty. Attila, King of the Huns (called the “Scourge of God,” from his military achievements), was “of low stature, broad, and flat-breasted, his head greater than ordinary, his beard thin, his nose flat, the colour of his body livid, and his eyes continually rolling about.” He would certainly have escaped the French Proscription. Haly (no Irishman, though it sounds like it, but a great General of the time of Soliman)—“Haly, Bassa of Epirus,” the historian tells us, “had that which was taken from his body added to his mind.” Though “of low stature,” he was “puffed up,” and of a yellowish colour; he had high shoulders, and his head sunk down between them; he had two tusks that hung out of his mouth; “in a word,” says Busbequins (an eyewitness), “he seemed to me the fourth Fury.” Mr. Haly would also have escaped the French Proscription.

The idea of a Millennium, as entertained by General Booth, is peculiar. “Demonstrations, processions, reviews, and the streets impassable.” He has forgotten to mention a brass band of saints, with a drum, without which the picture of perfect happiness would be, without doubt, incomplete. It is curious what important factors in the sum of enjoyment to many people are crowding and clamour. Dickens used to say that an infallible way of persuading folk to come and see a play was to convince them that the house was full and had no room for them. Comfort—even the comfort of other people—seems to be the last thing looked for by this distinguished Pietist. No one accuses him of hypocrisy, but that system, denounced of old, of having a trumpeter in attendance to give note of every act of benevolence, he adopts in its literal sense. He shares the opinion of the American advance agent, that no religion can expect to succeed nowadays which is not very extensively advertised. “Demonstrations, processions, reviews (not the *Saturday*), and the streets impassable.” Sound the trumpets, beat the drums! That is his notion of a Millennium. *Requiescat in pace* is an aspiration with which he has no sympathy, and *in caelo quies* a motto which, even when translated, he finds unintelligible.

Now that everybody in the kindest manner is giving advice to the Guards as to the carrying on of their own affairs, I hasten to contribute my mite of information. A mere student, immersed in classical pursuits, cannot hope to have the knowledge of the subject possessed by our Hyde Park orators, or of the gentlemen who, making mankind their study, have noticed that officers in Pall-mall too often omit to return the salutes of the sentries; but from the records of past ages it is sometimes possible to cull experience for present guidance; and a circumstance took place, only a few thousand years ago, which has a most important bearing upon our Guards (not, indeed, the Foot, but the Horse Guards, but that is a detail). It is absolutely necessary that those “musical rides” which have of late given such satisfaction to a pleasure-loving—I had almost written a Sybaritic—public should be discontinued. For what are we told (Camer. Oper. Subsc. Cent. 2, c. 30) of the consequences of such a practice? “The inhabitants of Sybarus taught their horses at a certain time to rise on their hinder feet and keep time with the music. A minstrel who had been ill-used by his fellow-countrymen went over to Crotona, with which city they were at war, and offered to place all the Sybarite horse in its hands. Accordingly, when the latter were ordered to charge, the minstrel played, and the horses danced, so that they became utterly useless, and were captured.” There is a time to dance and a time to charge, as every master of the ceremonies understands, but the equine instinct is not equal to it. What a sad thing it would be if some bandmaster of the Horse Guards, who had quarrelled with his regiment and his bread-and-butter, should begin playing his music at the crisis of some future Waterloo!

In Crewe, it seems, some good people have denounced dancing for young women as likely to get them taken captive by the enemies of their sex; and instead of it have suggested the graceful and amusing art of basket-making. Perhaps the poetic image of “weaving” the dance has suggested this substitution; but it is curious how, in process of time, what was once sacred becomes profane, and what was enjoined, forbidden. In the temples of Jerusalem, Samaria, and Alexandria there was always dancing. It is true that the opportunity of the young ladies of Shiloh indulging in that practice was taken advantage of by the sons of Benjamin to supply themselves with wives; but the same thing happens nowadays: it is the very object of dances to promote matrimony, and nobody but Count Tolstoi has any objection to it. In Sparta, which has never been accused of dissipation, the young women’s favourite dance was called “the dance of innocence”: why should it not be innocent at Crewe? Pooh!

Of the consequences attendant on the possession of a white elephant we have all heard; but they have been contingent on the animals being alive. It now appears that to have an elephant on your hands when he is dead is even still more objectionable. There is an Indian saying that the “huge earth-shaking beast” must be buried where it dies, but it is not so easy to bury it. Not only must the grave be wide, but very deep, or the health of man is endangered by it. At Now-saree, in Baroda, it has been found necessary to chop one up and

inter it piecemeal, but the consequences to the inhabitants were deplorable. They all had to leave the place. It is curious that such news from India is not more common, but elephants are very long-lived, and it is as rare to come upon a dead one as on a dead donkey in England, where it is “game” at travelling piquet.

The difficulty of disposing even of a human body of large size is considerable. The most striking instance of consideration for others I ever knew was that of an acquaintance of my own, who, suffering from a mortal disease, came down to the ground floor a few days before his death, on this very account. He explained his change of quarters to me in the simplest manner. “You remember what Thackeray tells us of that parallelogram cut in the wall of our houses above the second flight of stairs; how it is made for our convenience—or rather the convenience of others—when the time comes for our being brought down feet foremost? Well, you see, I am so stout that it would be no sort of convenience to me, so I thought I would just walk down, while I could, to save trouble.” One would think a man with such unselfish forethought would have been an admirable character all round; but this, as it happened, was not so: like the Stuarts, nothing became him in life so much as his manner of leaving it.

After the many eulogies we had had on the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau, it was only consonant with human nature that “the other side” should become vocal, and that too has been overdone. We have had enthusiasm untempered by criticism, and cynicism assisted by a back seat and an indifferent view. To those who are not sick and tired of the whole subject (which a certain class of critics have been prepared to be beforehand), the admirably graphic and fair account of the play given by Mr. E. R. Russell will be welcome. He points out how much of its effect is owing to the simplicity of the performers, and “the innocence of simple lives”; to the “undisturbing reality which, paradoxical as it may seem, is so great a support and help to the ideal. There is nothing adventitious. No incident is heightened. . . . There are no haloes. You look on as the things happen.” Moreover, which is not what we expect, traditions are not followed. The face of the Christ is dark, not fair. The nose is rather *retroussé* than otherwise. The hair, instead of being brought down obliquely, is brushed back. “One might say that it was a democratic face; but with no care for the humours nor ear for the Hosannas of the populace.” The voice is described to us as sad, dream-laden, yearning. “Its tones linger in the air, and have a sonorous strain of heart eloquence. . . . It contains the idea of continuous Divine remonstrance. . . . There is no anger in it.” There is no violence of action, even when the lash of cords is made for the defilers of the Temple. The part of Mary is equally well performed. The wail of maternal agony when she cries, “My son, my son!” we are told the ear can never forget. As no one supposes that the players are “clever” in the vulgar sense, this perfection seems curiously to corroborate the lately expressed opinion of M. Got, that the less cleverness actors have the better. Mr. Russell has praise for all of them except Judas. A new and gentle light is thrown upon this character in the Passion Play—namely, that he tries to persuade himself that he never thought the Christ would be executed; so much so, indeed, that a certain “genial suffragan bishop” present at the representation “quite warmed to him.” But even that does not reconcile him to our author: he thought him, by comparison with the rest, an amateur actor. On the whole, however, he describes the effect of the play as marvellous. It is witnessed by the whole audience “with the profoundest feelings of reverence, and an entire absence of jarring elements.” The rain fell without interruption, the chorus was always in the wet, and the actors almost always; the play lasted (with an interval of an hour and a half for refreshment) from eight o’clock to five; and, though in the open air, there was no smoking permitted. Endurance of rain, says Mr. Russell, is a matter in which the inhabitants of Ober-Ammergau have great practice, but what one wonders at, and is the proof of its excellence, is the patience—let alone the admiration—of our fellow-countrymen, during a performance so prolonged, and under such circumstances of discomfort.

At this time of the year, more than at any other, we receive applications for seaside homes, and days in the country, for the poor, as is most right and proper we should do. Those who omit to provide health and enjoyment for others deserve neither on their own holiday. But it is very necessary to know that you are giving to the poor, and not to certain wretches who, under pretence of collecting for them, put your money into their own pockets. There are at least two well-known (but difficult to catch) scoundrels in London who derive in this manner tens of thousands a year from unthinking charity. It is so much easier (except to misers) to give than to take trouble. A gentleman, greatly to his credit, has lately taken up the matter in a third case. Something having excited his suspicions as to where his donations went, he went after them to the “seaside home,” which he found “uninhabited, the front gate locked, and the grass growing on the gravel sweep.” A very different appearance from that which it presented in the picture of it sent to him by the “philanthropist”! A number of poor children were described as being in the place, and deriving the utmost benefit from the change of air. If punishment were inflicted, as it should be, in proportion to the “motive” of the offender, and the ill-effects of the offence (in these cases beyond calculation), persons proved guilty of this crime should be put out of all temptation to repeat it.

There is a beautiful literary advertisement in last Saturday’s *Times*: “Required to purchase, a large, well-selected library for a country mansion, with or without bookcases, for cash. Distance and amount immaterial.” This is the sort of advertiser, if I were a bookseller, I should like to deal with. He might

depend on having his library “well selected” (at all events, from my point of view), and on having enough of it. He adds, it is true, “Principals only dealt with.” But such would be my principles, if he dealt with me. Personally, too, I like the gentleman. His tastes are catholic; he is none of your specialists. He does not want the “Hundred Books”—or rather the ten thousand—to improve his mind. He likes his literary pabulum, like bread at a table d’hôte, “at discretion”—which means without discretion—as much as you please of it. Nothing “well selected” comes amiss to him. His venture will have all the advantages of a surprise. He may find a volume of the works of M. Auguste Comte in his hand, or of “Tom and Bob’s Life in London.” The only parallel to his case is that of Mr. Pinch, when he found himself in his unknown employer’s library in Austinfriars.

THE COURT.

The most interesting event of recent Court life has been the visit of the German Emperor to the Queen, some particulars of which are given in another column. Princesses Marie, Victoria Melita, and Alexandra of Edinburgh visited her Majesty on Aug. 1, and remained to luncheon. The following officers were invested with the “Distinguished Service Order,” her Majesty affixing to their breasts the decoration of the Order: Captain T. E. Hickman, the Worcestershire Regiment and Egyptian Army; Major C. H. Shepherd, 2nd Battalion the Norfolk Regiment; Captain R. T. Macdonald, Hampshire Regiment; and Captain F. J. Pink, the Queen’s (Royal West Surrey Regiment). The Duke of Connaught was present. At the funeral of the late Sir William Hoffmeister, M.D., which took place on the 2nd, at West Coves, General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby attended on behalf of the Queen. The Prince and Princess of Wales were represented by Lord Colville of Culross; the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh by Major-General the Right Hon. Sir John Cowell; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught by Colonel Becher; Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg by Colonel the Hon. Henry Byng, who also, on behalf of the Duchess of Albany, placed a wreath on the coffin. Wreaths were sent by the Queen, the Empress Frederick of Germany, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the Duchess of Albany. Her Majesty and the Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning, the 3rd, the Very Rev. the Dean of Gloucester officiating. The Queen has contributed £25 towards the fund which is being raised on behalf of the widows and children of the fishermen who lost their lives in the recent storm in the north of Scotland.

The Prince and Princess of Wales brought their visit to Goodwood to a close on Aug. 2, when, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud and suite, they left the seat of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, drove to Chichester, and proceeded to Portsmouth by special train, travelling by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company’s direct Mid-Sussex route. The Royal party reached the South Jetty in Portsmouth Dockyard shortly before half past five o’clock. On the way they were able to see the new Townhall, which the Prince of Wales has undertaken to open on Saturday, Aug. 9. Their Royal Highnesses embarked on board the yacht Osborne, which was alongside the jetty, and proceeded to Cowes, which was reached at seven o’clock, a salute being fired from the Royal Yacht Club, of which the Prince is Commodore.

Visiting Southampton, on Aug. 2, for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of the chapel of the local branch of the Missions to Seamen’s Institute, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were received by the Mayor, and were afterwards entertained at luncheon. The Duke arrived at Devonport on the 4th, and took over the naval command there from Admiral Sir William Dowell, retiring on account of age. His Royal Highness exchanged the customary salutes with Sir William Dowell, and afterwards visited several of the Government establishments. His Royal Highness returned to Cowes at night on a six-weeks leave of absence. On the 6th the Duke celebrated his forty-sixth birthday.

Princess Christian, who was accompanied by Prince Christian, went to the Royal Tapestry Hall at Old Windsor on Aug. 1, and opened a sale of work in aid of the fund for repairing the bells of Old Windsor Church.

The Duke of Cambridge has been at Coblenz for the purpose of inspecting the 28th Regiment of Foot. In honour of the visit of its illustrious honorary Colonel, the regiment gave a grand banquet, which was followed by a torchlight procession.

MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Mr. Augustus William West, son of Sir Algernon West, K.C.B., of the Ambassadors’ Court, St. James’s Palace, with the Hon. Edith Maria Hill-Trevor, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Trevor, took place on July 31 in St. Peter’s Church, Eaton-square. The church was handsomely decorated with palms and white flowers, and filled with relations and friends. Mr. Douro was best man, and the bridesmaids were the Hon. Nina, Hon. Leila, and Hon. Mary Hill-Trevor, sisters of the bride; Miss Constance West, sister of the bridegroom; the Lady Mary Agar, his cousin; the Hon. Blanche Curzon, Hon. Mary Windsor Clive, and Miss Nina Hill, cousins of the bride. Viscount Northland, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly, acted as page, wearing a Charles I. costume. The service was fully choral, the bride being given away by her father.

Mr. Richard Hamilton Rawson, 1st Life Guards, was married to Lady Beatrice Anson, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lichfield. The bride was married from Hampden House, in St. Mark’s Church, North Audley-street. A number of the non-commissioned officers and troopers of B Troop, 1st Life Guards, lined the aisle during the service. The bridegroom was attended by Sir John Dickson-Poynder as best man; and the bridesmaids were Ladies Edith and Evelyn Anson, sisters; Lady Katharine Scott, Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, and Lady Norah Spencer Churchill, cousins of the bride, and the Hon. Mary Wyndham. Lord John Hamilton, son of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, and cousin of the bride, acted as page. The bride was conducted to the chancel by her father, who gave her away.

Mr. Courtenay Charles Evan Morgan, eldest son of the Hon. Frederick Courtenay Morgan, M.P. for South Monmouthshire, was married to Lady Katharine Carnegie, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Southesk, on Aug. 5. The ceremony took place in the library at Kinnaird Castle, Brechin, the seat of the Southesk family.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

The Queen's Imperial grandson, his Majesty William II., King of Prussia and German Emperor, arrived on Monday, Aug. 4, with his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, to visit her Majesty at Osborne House, Isle of Wight.

At ten o'clock in the morning, when the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, in which his Majesty came from Belgium, was espied from the towers of Osborne House, the signal "Welcome" was run up at the flagstaff, and the Queen caused a telephone message to be sent to the jetty at East Cowes. The signal was transmitted to the Royal Yacht Squadron Club, which sent a message to all the yachts in harbour, and they "dressed," making a brave show of colour. The Royal yacht Alberta, with the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, and Admiral Commerell on board, went out to meet the Hohenzollern in Osborne Bay. Their Royal Highnesses went on board the Imperial yacht to greet the Emperor; and H.M.S. Volage began firing a Royal salute. When the Hohenzollern came in sight of the Royal landing stage, she was flying the Union Jack at the fore and the German flag at the main mast. Her convoy was the German corvette Irene, under command of Prince Henry of Prussia. After she had come to anchor, her guns answered the salute of the Volage. The guns of the Royal Yacht Squadron Club also fired a salute from the Green. The Emperor, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Prince Waldemar, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Henry of Prussia, and Admiral Hornby, came off in the Victoria and Albert steam-boat. The Queen's yachts hoisted the German flag, while at Cowes the German flag was unfurled. His Majesty wore the uniform of a British Admiral of the Fleet, his decoration being the Order of the Garter. The Prince of Wales wore a naval dress, while the Duke of Connaught appeared in the uniform of the Rifle Brigade. Prince Waldemar wore a Danish infantry uniform. The barge, flying the Emperor's own flag, steamed through the lines of yachts, the decks of which were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who cordially greeted the Imperial guest, and the cheering was taken up by the people who lined the waterside, the German "Hoch!" mingling with the English hurrah. At half past eleven the Emperor stepped from the barge on to the Alberta, and, followed by the Prince of Wales and the suite, walked forward to the gangway. He warmly shook hands with the Princes on the pier, and expressed his delight at being again in England. The Royal carriages were entered without delay, and the journey to Osborne began. The route up Cowes-hill was lined by ladies, and there was a large contingent of Germans from London.

At Osborne House the Queen, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud, Princess Christian, the Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duchess of Connaught, received her grandson and embraced him affectionately. After saluting the Princess of Wales, the Emperor shook hands with all. The Queen took the Emperor to see a plaster bust of himself, which will be carved in marble for the grand sculpture-room at Windsor Castle. It represents him in the uniform of the First Cuirassiers of the Guard, with breastplate and helmet surmounted by the Imperial eagle. He was conducted to his apartments by the Prince of Wales.

At noon the Duchess of Edinburgh and her daughter called. At two o'clock the Queen gave a luncheon party, to which all the members of the Emperor's staff and the British naval officers were invited. The latter were entertained in a pavilion on the Queen's lawn, and the Royal family sat down in the Queen's morning room. The Emperor's band contributed the music. The latter part of the afternoon was devoted by the Emperor to returning the visits of Royal personages, the first being to the Duchess of Edinburgh at Osborne Cottage. In the evening the Queen gave a dinner party, at which the attendance included the Emperor, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Marchioness of Lorne, Prince and Princess Christian, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, Count Hatzfeldt, and Admiral Sir G. Hornby.

On Tuesday the Duke of Edinburgh arrived from Devonport in the despatch-boat Vivid, and landed and called on the Emperor. His Majesty breakfasted with the Queen in the gardens of Osborne House, and then, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, drove down to Cowes Roads, where he embarked on the yacht Aline to see the regatta, and the start of the yachts for the Queen's Cup was made; but there was hardly a breath of wind stirring. His Majesty was in the evening entertained at a banquet given by the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes Castle. The Prince of Wales presided, as Commodore of the Squadron.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who, with a number of friends, is on a coaching tour in the North of Scotland, was presented with the freedom of the Royal borough of Wick on Aug. 6 by Provost Sutherland.

The subject, in its revised form, of the essay for which the Cobden Club is offering a prize of £25 for competition is, "The Past, Present, and Future of Technical Education in Connection with Agriculture in the United Kingdom."

Some experiments as to the possibility of training swallows as carriers were recently made in public at Roubaix by M. Jean Desbouvie. They appeared to be completely successful, as, within half an hour, all the birds returned to their trainer.

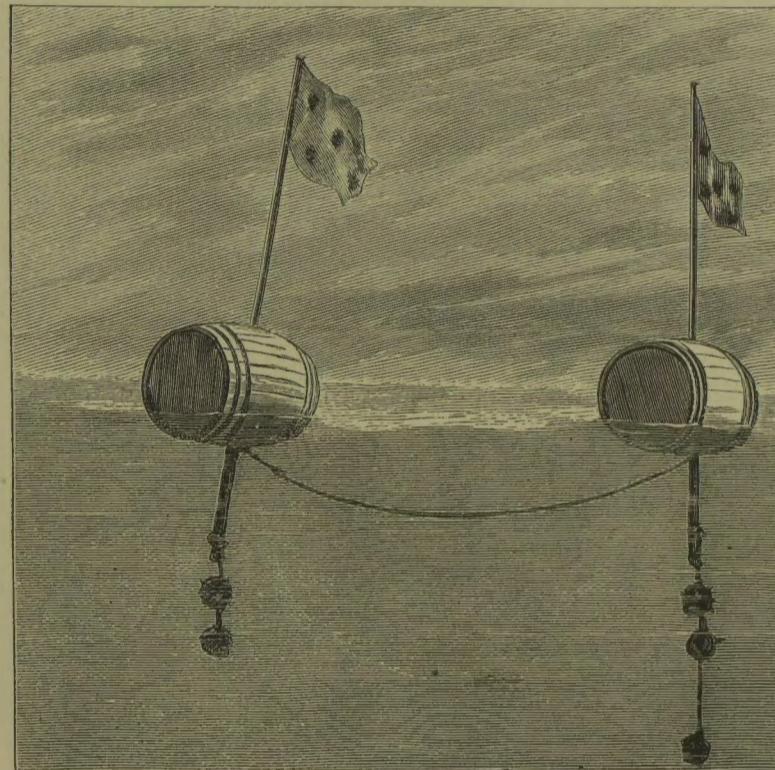
Waddesdon Manor, the seat of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, M.P., was thrown open to the public on Aug. 5, and, as the day was a general holiday in Bucks, the grounds were visited by nearly 30,000 people. The Baron mixed freely with the people, accompanied by Miss Alice de Rothschild, Miss Robinson, Sir Henry James, the Earl of Ilchester, Lady Lindsay, and some American visitors.

The awards of the jury of the Second Annual Art Exhibition of Munich are published. Of the British painters exhibiting, Mr. James Guthrie, of Glasgow, receives the first medal, and Mr. John Reid, London, Mr. Walton, Glasgow, and Mr. Lavery Crawhall jun., second medals. Mr. Onslow Ford, of London, obtains a second medal for sculpture, while Mr. Waterhouse, of London, is awarded a first medal, and Mr. Anderson, of Edinburgh, a second for architecture. Among the etchers Mr. Axel Haig, Mr. Walker, Mr. Macbeth, and Mr. Wyllie received second medals. M. Neuhaus, the Dutch painter, obtained a first medal, and M. Van Aken, of Antwerp, M. Struys, of Mechlin, M. De Bock, of the Hague, and M. Baertsoen, of Ghent, second medals for painting. E. Van der Stapper, the sculptor, of Brussels, was awarded a first medal for his art.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

On Wednesday, July 30, the squadron commanded by Admiral Sir George Tryon left Falmouth to perform the preliminary exercises in naval evolutions and in firing at targets, for which latter purpose a position had been selected thirty miles west of the Scilly Islands. On the Friday morning the weather was favourable, and targets were dropped for the fleet to fire at. Each ship dropped two targets simultaneously from the port and starboard side; the targets, being made to pattern and uniform in size and weight, remained in a more or less irregular line, with a long interval between each pair. Each target was made of a pair of barrels loosely lashed together, a pole being stuck through each barrel, with a small flag eight feet above the water. A weight attached below each pair of barrels kept the flag-staffs upright. The ships were brought into a line parallel with that of the line of targets, at a distance of 1200 to 1600 yards. The ships engaged were the following, the order being that which they occupied in the column: Northumberland, Invincible, Triumph, Shannon, Black Prince, Anson, Rodney, Hotspur, Hero, and Inconstant. The Inflexible should have occupied a place in the line between the Rodney and the Hotspur; but her engines had some slight defect, and she was ordered to haul out of the line, and to carry out her firing independently. The Anson and Rodney, ships belonging to the Channel Squadron, having completed their quarterly practice with their heavy barbette guns during their recent cruise in the North Sea, did not fire these again; but all the guns of other ships were brought into play, including the 45-ton guns of the Hero and the 25-ton guns of the Hotspur. A signal was made that any ship might fire at any target, but, for the most part, the targets selected were those immediately abreast of the ship.

The practice made was highly creditable in all cases. Taken as a whole, and considering the circumstances, it was unquestionably good. We have not heard of a single mishap of a personal character, with the several thousands of rounds of ammunition of all sorts, large and small, fired by the thousands of officers and men engaged. The evolutions of the fleet were carried out without the slightest mistake or mishap, station being kept throughout as though the fleet had manoeuvred together for weeks. On the other hand, we



THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: A TARGET FIRED AT BY SIR GEORGE TRYON'S SQUADRON.

have to report two somewhat serious mechanical misadventures, owing to some defect in the hydraulic machinery. One of the turret guns of the Hero could not be fired during the greater part of the practice; and at the conclusion of her independent firing the Inflexible reported that the valves in the heads of the recoil press-pistons of one gun in each turret were out of order, so that the guns could not be run in. In order to remedy the defect by repairing the valves it was necessary to take the pistons out, which could not be safely done at sea. Accordingly the Inflexible was sent into Falmouth to carry out the necessary repairs. These incidents are instructive. Putting aside the Anson and Rodney, which did not fire their heavy guns, the Hero and Inflexible are the most powerful ships in the squadron, the Hero carrying two 45-ton breechloading and the Inflexible four 80-ton muzzleloaders. If the operation had been real warfare instead of peaceable target practice, half the heavy armament of these two powerful ships would have been disabled early in the action, not by the fire of the enemy but by their own inherent defects.

After the firing the squadron returned to Falmouth, and subsequently to its headquarters at Plymouth, awaiting the commencement of hostilities, the enemy's squadron having assembled at Alderney. We shall give further Sketches of the manoeuvres, having our Special Artists with both fleets.

General Philip Smith, C.B., on Aug. 4, inspected the various battalions of Volunteers composing the Home Counties Brigade, encamped on the Berkshire Downs, Newbury. Special trains conveyed great numbers of people from Oxford, Newbury, and other places.

An Illustration of the bronze statue of the late Right Hon. W. E. Forster, on the Thames Embankment, unveiled by Lord Cranbrook, the Lord President of the Council, on Friday, Aug. 1, was given last week. The granite pedestal was supplied, to the order of the sculptor, Mr. H. R. Pinker, by the West of England Granite Company, Penrhyn, Cornwall.

The Queen left Osborne House on the evening of Aug. 5 for a drive to the Yacht Squadron Parade, by way of Gurnard and the Bath-road. While she was seated in her carriage, crossing the steam-ferry, an incident occurred which caused some alarm. The floating pontoon is so constructed that the premature lowering of the landing-platform by an eager attendant caused a large quantity of water to be shipped, and by the rush the ferry was partially submerged. The mistake was speedily rectified, and her Majesty's carriage was safely taken ashore at Cowes.

THE GROUSE-SHOOTING SEASON.

The anticipations of good sport on Aug. 12, when grouse-shooting begins, favoured by the prospects of fine weather, have been consolatory to many gentlemen eager to get away from London; but some alarm, of which our Artist knows enough to give a lively representation of it, will be felt among the birds. Reports both from Scotland and the Yorkshire moors agree in stating that the grouse are plentiful and in a healthy condition. Lord Hartington has invited a party of friends to Bolton for the shooting on the Duke of Devonshire's moors; and those of the Marquis of Ripon may also expect sport more agreeable than political wrangling between the Liberal Unionists and the followers of Mr. Gladstone. The grouse, immediately after the Session of Parliament, may serve, as in former years, to efface vexatious memories of the strife of opinion at Westminster, and of hard sayings on either side.

THE LUNGS OF LONDON: VICTORIA PARK.

It was many years ago—when the vast congeries of metropolitan dwellings did not cover nearly so much space as it does now, but when its worst parts were far more squalid and unhealthy—that some judicious advocate of parks and recreation-grounds first called them "the lungs of London." Strictly speaking—though still in a metaphorical sense, as all open and airy spaces where the lungs of Londoners can breathe freely come within the practical meaning of this term—we should include the river Thames, with its broad and clean Embankments; the invaluable squares in the West Central district; Lincoln's-inn-fields, Bloomsbury, Russell, Brunswick, and Tavistock squares; the precincts of the great railway-stations at Euston-road and St. Pancras, and many wide new streets, which are scarcely less beneficial to public health than the proper parks and playgrounds. But for conscious and purposed enjoyment, of course, the improvements that most directly claim popular gratitude are those of the last-mentioned description, in which metropolitan and parochial authorities, with occasional help from other public bodies and from voluntary subscriptions, have done much, for thirty or forty years past, to create places of open-air recreation for all classes. We propose to give a few Illustrations of this subject, and

begin with Victoria Park, which is one of the oldest of the People's Parks in London, as distinguished from the Royal Parks of the West-End. It was created by Government, under an Act of Parliament in 1840, with funds obtained by the sale of Crown property—namely, York House, St. James's, the site of the present Stafford House, and cost £130,000. It is situated north-east of Bethnal-green, and is bounded to the south by the Regent's Canal and by Sir George Duckett's canal, which joins the Regent's Canal with the river Lee at Old Ford; to the north it is adjacent to Hackney, and has its own station on the North London Railway. Though entirely surrounded with buildings, the space of 290 acres is large enough to give plenty of fresh air, and ample space both for walks and active games. There is a good cricket-ground; two lakes for pleasure-boats, with a pretty island, shrubberies, lawns, fountains, and flower-beds tastefully laid out, which are carefully kept in order.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution, held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, on Thursday, Aug. 7, the silver medal of the institution, accompanied by a copy of the vote inscribed on vellum, was awarded to Thomas Pounds, pilot of Hartlepool, and to James Metcalfe, his assistant, for gallantly rescuing two persons from a boat which had been capsized near the Longscar Rocks, off Hartlepool, in a strong N.N.E. breeze and a rough sea, on May 26. On observing the accident the two salvors, who were in an open coble, at once backed their boat into the broken water, and, having rescued the men by means of lines, were obliged to lash them to the sides of the coble, as any attempt to get them into the boat then would probably have resulted in the loss of the lives of the rescuers and those whom they had rescued. Sail was then hoisted, and when the boat was clear of the breakers the two men were taken into her in a greatly exhausted condition.

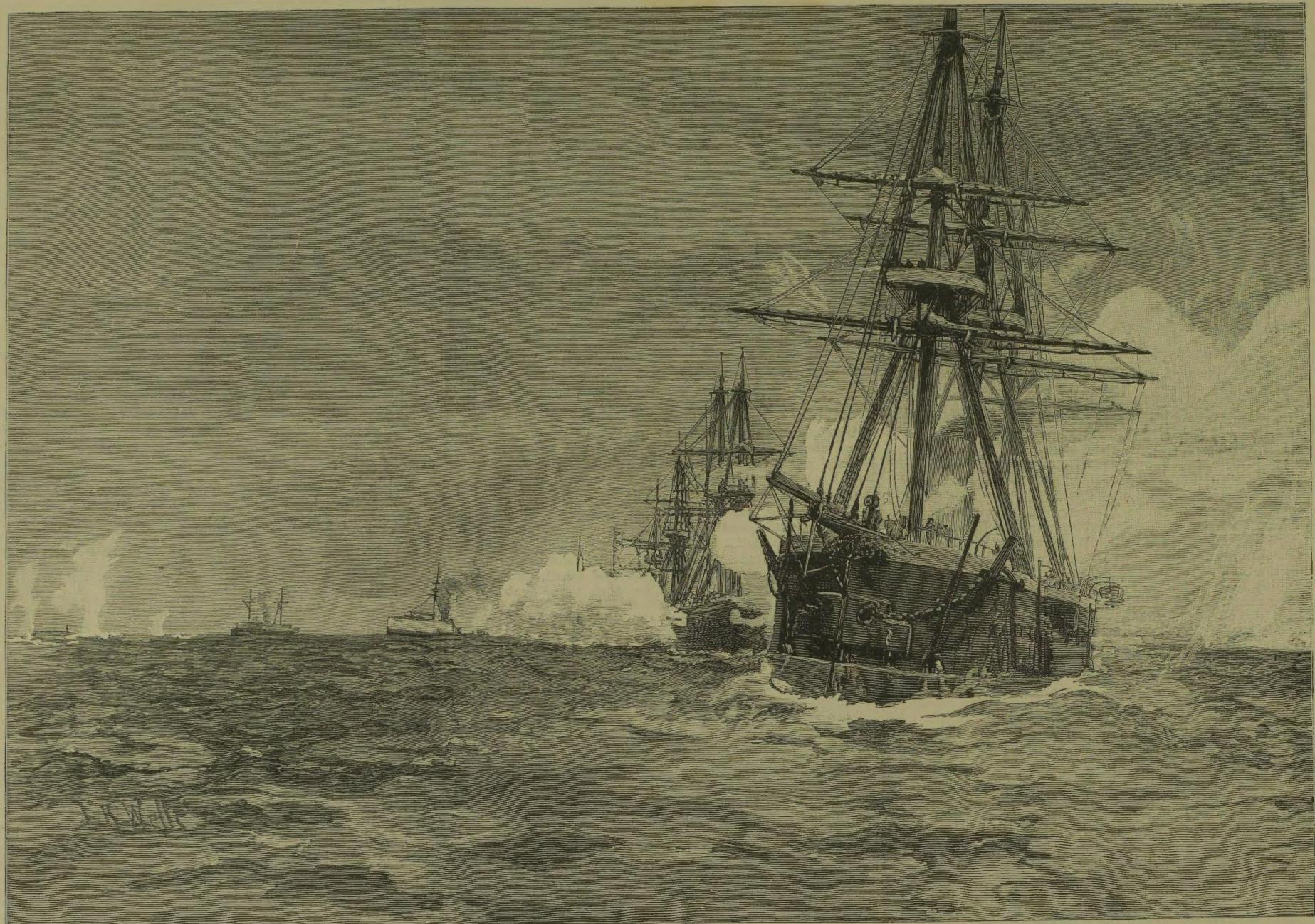
Rewards were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution and those of shore-boats for saving life from shipwreck on our coasts. Payments amounting to £1263 were ordered to be made on the 296 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £150 from the Ancient Order of Foresters, annual subscription in aid of the support of their three life-boats; £75 annual subscription from the Dublin Port and Docks Board; £52 10s. annual subscription from the Worshipful Company of Drapers; £31 10s. from the Worshipful Company of Merchant Taylors, additional; £2 18s. 6d., offertory at West Hackney Church, the Rev. H. Bickersteth Ottley, Rector, per Mr. Churchwarden Mitchell; and £1 10s. 9d., offertory on board H.M.S. Active, per the Rev. F. C. Stebbing, R.N. A new life-boat has just been sent to St. Agnes, Scilly Islands.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. and Miss Benson left Lambeth Palace on Aug. 6 for Addington Park, Croydon.

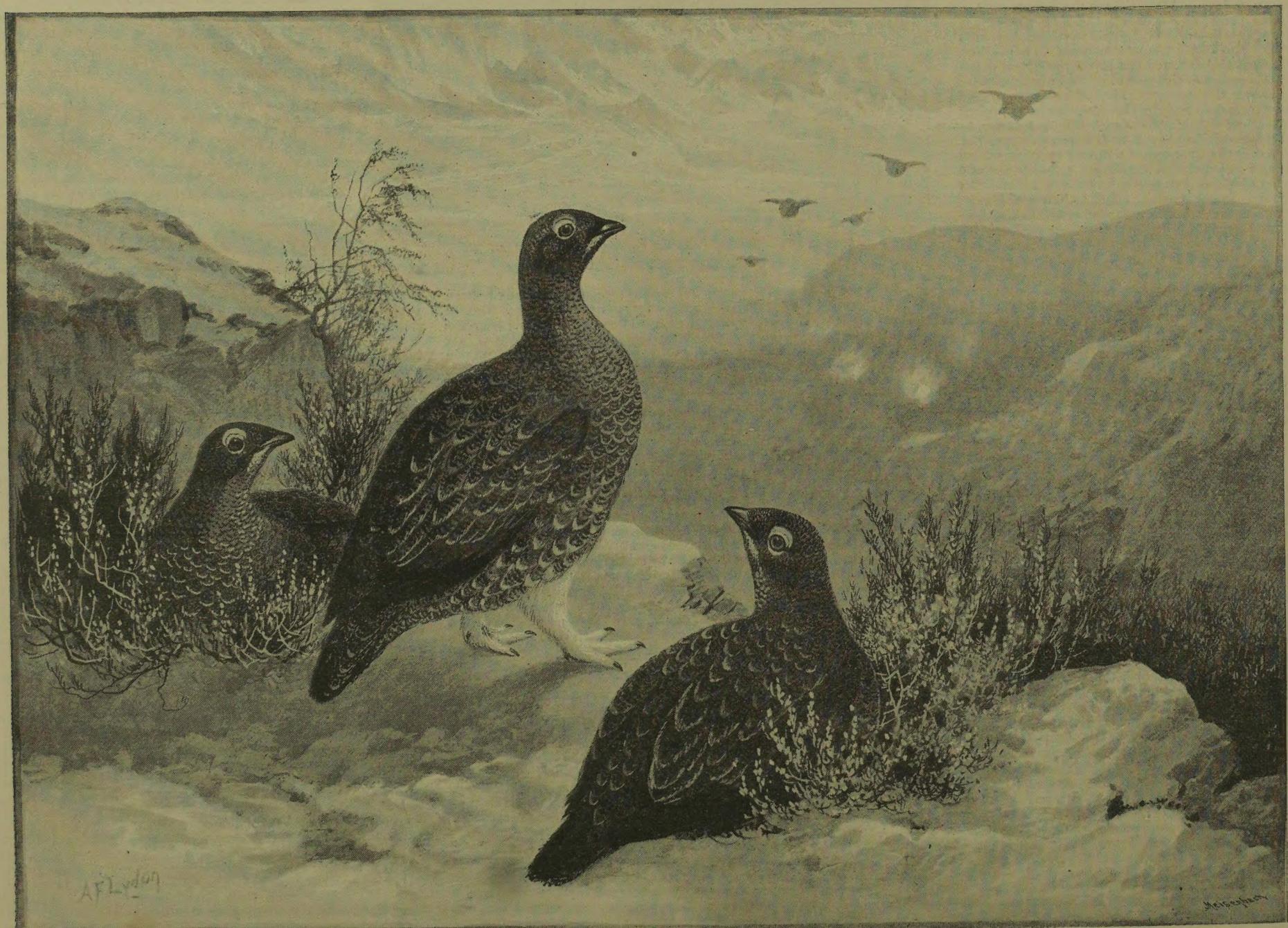
The Census reports of religious bodies in the United States show that there are 134 sects, with 25,000,000 members. The Methodists number 5,000,000, the Baptists 4,000,000, the Roman Catholics 4,000,000, the Presbyterians 3,000,000, and the Episcopalians 2,000,000.

One hundred and sixty-one applications for electric lighting Acts have been made to the Board of Trade during the past year. Forty-five were made by local authorities, 116 by companies or individuals, and twenty-three related wholly or in part to the County of London.

About a thousand students from all parts of the country attended, in Oxford, on Aug. 2, the lectures in connection with the University Extension movement. Six courses of lectures were begun in the morning; in the afternoon some of the colleges were visited; and in the evening Mr. E. B. Poulton lectured on the influence of courtship upon colour. On Sunday, the 3rd, special services were held in St. Mary's Church and in Mansfield College Chapel. The question of State aid to their movement engaged the attention of the students on the 5th. Mr. A. Sedgwick, who presided, and Mr. Macan (Exeter College), secretary to one of the committees appointed last year to consider the subject, expressed themselves in favour of State aid, which would lend permanency to the movement. After discussion, a resolution in favour of State aid, provided it could be secured without undue State interference, was carried by 107 to twelve. In the evening a meeting was held, under the presidency of Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., who observed that such a movement, by bringing classes together, must be of national benefit.



THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON'S SQUADRON AT TARGET PRACTICE.



THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST: THE FIRST ALARM.



THE LUNGS OF LONDON : SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN VICTORIA PARK.

THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT COWES REGATTA.

The prize given by the Queen at Cowes Regatta, on Tuesday, Aug. 5, is a work of art designed and modelled for her Majesty by Countess Feodora Gleichen. It consists of a group in oxidised silver, surmounted by a shallow cup in white onyx; the group, 12 in. high, represents Amphitrite surrounded by the infant Winds. The modelling and grouping are such as to reflect great credit upon the artist. The prize was won by Mr. Langrishe's cutter, the Samæna, beating the Amphitrite by four minutes and a half.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Thanks to Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Robert Buchanan, the Adelphi Theatre is now in full swing with an honestly exciting drama that will delight the country cousins during the summer holidays, and will be ready to amuse the play-going Londoner when the leaves are beginning to fall, and it becomes chill o' nights. The Messrs. Gatti are wise in their generation. When they announced "The English Rose" as to be produced on Aug. 2, people who had not studied the question held up their hands in astonishment. What? produce a new play in August, when London is empty! What madness! The fall, as the Americans call it, is the time for new plays in London. Quite so, and very possibly in regard to most theatres and most plays. It would not do to start in August a new play theory by Ibsen or Tolstoi. This is not the time to experiment with a Théâtre Libre. If it be true that Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. George Moore have plays in their portfolios destined to astonish the world, and to prove in their own clever and eccentric way that human nature is not at all what it is supposed to be, and that we are all to correct our old-fashioned ideas by new-fangled philosophy—well, it would not be advisable to take any theatre, even at a gift, in August for the purpose. It would indeed be madness to advertise "Ghosts" or a version of the "Kreutzer Sonata" just now, even if Mr. Beerbohm Tree offered his theatre free, gratis, for nothing. But practical men like Dion Boucicault and John Hollingshead have proved before now that London is never empty. When we are all running down into the country, the residents in green meadows are coming up to town. They exchange their vicarages and farmhouses for villas in Bayswater and Brixton; and, if it be true that London is never empty, it is equally true that London visitors want to be amused. They must be classed among the old-fashioned, these country cousins of ours. They are not very advanced. They do not sneer at romantic plays. They will not consider that the characters in "The English Rose" are unduly impossible; and, if I am not mistaken, they will crowd to the Adelphi while the new Irish drama is running.

The play is old and yet new. We, who are experienced in such matters, know by heart the young athletic hero who is engaged to a lovely girl without the consent of her parents or guardians. Sometimes it is a father, sometimes a brother, sometimes an old hunk of a guardian or uncle who forbids the banns. The hero is a prodigy of valour, the heroine a model of self-abnegation. Just as the atmosphere of love looks the most uncanny, when the matrimonial clouds are darkening, the splendid young hero is sure to turn up just when a diabolical murder has been committed. He is caught red-handed. He is sure at some time or other to have vowed vengeance against the murdered man. Appearances, to say the least of it, are very much against him, and he is hurried off to justice. He is very often condemned to death, and only escapes by the death-bed confession of the real murderer. All this we know by heart, and without this "situation" an Adelphi drama could scarcely exist. Well! Mr. Sims and Mr. Buchanan have not disdained the old formula, but they have added to it and embellished it. To the fancy of "The Colleen Bawn" and "Arrah-na-Pogue" they have added the excitement of "The Flying Scud." An Irish man—if he be worthy of the name—is born a lover of horses, so it is very easy to introduce a real horse in an old-fashioned Irish play. As luck will have it, Mr. Leonard Boyne is an accomplished horseman, so the audience is allowed to indulge in at least five minutes of astonishment, not to say danger. In the course of the play the hero hears that a murder is to be committed at a lonely spot in Connemara, and the danger can only be averted by galloping off at full speed on the back of a hunter that has just won an exciting steeplechase. Mazeppa and Dick Turpin are not in it with this Adelphi sensation. First of all, the villains and moonlighters try to stop Mr. Leonard Boyne in his mad career. But he leaps into the saddle, lashes away the obstructionists who cling to his horse's bridle, and gallops off at a furious pace amid the cheers of the excited spectators. This is one fine scene, and would have been enough in the old days to have made the fortune of any Adelphi melodrama. But there are many more! One of the prettiest scenes in the play is where the hero's old father, on the eve of sailing for America, is kept in the dark as to the arrest of his favourite son on the charge of murder. In fact, Harry O'Malley has only just been arrested when his old father enters to take farewell of his family. By the kindness of the Sergeant of Constabulary, the truth is not told, so that the accused criminal and his family have to feign merriment, while in truth their hearts are breaking. This clever scene is "led," as it were, with admirable tact and discretion by that excellent actor Mr. J. D. Beveridge, and, although it did not go on the first night as well as it might have done, still it will be one of the most interesting and poignant episodes in the new play. Besides all this, there is the spirited rescue of the innocent man by the Irish peasants while he is leaving the court, guarded by the military; and a very touching and dramatic scene, where a priest who has ascertained the real murderer, "under the seal of confession," refuses to break his oath, although by his religious honour he condemns his own brother to a felon's death.

But of what value would an Irish drama be, however strong and dramatic, if it did not contain dialogue witty, terse, bright, and cynical? Mr. Sims—for surely it must be Mr. Sims—is at his best in this play. The character of the Irish Sergeant of Constabulary belongs essentially to Mr. J. L. Shine; the little lame Irish peasant, so pathetically rendered by Miss Kate James; the wild, vindictive moonlighter, played with such welcome strength and intelligence by Mr. Dalton; and the dear old Irish ruined gentleman, personated with such fervour and charm by Mr. J. D. Beveridge, are all characters of which Dion Boucicault might be proud. They are sketched with a master's hand—graphically, truthfully, and effectively. And then, of course, there is the Cockney swindler, played with such humour by Mr. Lionel Rignold—a character that Boucicault could not have touched. It belongs to the Sims gallery, and could not have occurred elsewhere. The amusing scoundrel stepped on to the stage from Southwark or St. Giles. He is drawn to the very life.

I am inclined to think for once in a way—it very seldom happens—the new Irish drama had been over-rehearsed. At any rate, many of the artists on the first night were dreadfully tired, and bore the signs of "over-training." Miss Olga Brandon was almost speechless, and she played the heroine

with extreme difficulty. Mr. Leonard Boyne's voice was almost gone, but he battled bravely against the physical difficulty and consequent depression and loss of voice. Mr. Thalberg seemed to lose heart just when it was wanted most; and all through we all noticed a sense of fatigue that dragged some of the best scenes. Mr. Boyne was one of the few who suffered and still succeeded. Had he let the play down as some of his companions did, the result might have been very different. As it was, he has not acted better or met with a more congenial part for many years. The defects are, I am convinced, only temporary. Miss Olga Brandon will soon gain strength and learn the pitch of the Adelphi, though unfortunately the delicacy of her acting is lost on this stage and in this kind of play. Miss Mary Rorke will become reconciled to a not very grateful part; and possibly Mr. Thalberg will make the Irish priest a little less lackadaisical. It is a splendid character to play, but Mr. Thalberg's Father Michael is not an Irishman as he ought to be. He has been crossed in love, it is true; but he has conquered all that, and become a man. Mr. Thalberg should be a little more manly, and not so sentimental. It is a pity, because the young actor is concerned in some of the best scenes in the play. Of the success of "The English Rose" there can, however, be no question. There is room in London for plays of every shape and pattern, and it does not follow that, because just now there is a dead set against the conventional in dramatic art, we should discard the poetical and the romantic. Rome was not built in a day, and we shall not arrive at the conclusions of the radicals and reformers without a struggle. Besides, I would whisper just this in the ears of the professor of the new school of topsy-turvyists. There are some, no doubt, who conscientiously consider that the Harry O'Malley and English Roses, and peasants and priests, of old-world melodrama are dreadfully unnatural. But there are some also who as conscientiously believe that the men and women pictured by the new school of pessimistic philosophers are not only absurd, but prigs into the bargain. Better the heroes of old-world romantic dramas than the nauseous prigs—whether

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Prime Minister having had a fleeting taste of the salt sea air of the Solent at Osborne, and doubtless finding the sunlit waves off the Wight infinitely preferable to the turbid Thames at Westminster, it would be but fitting if the noble Marquis were to persuade long-suffering Mr. Smith to close the business of Parliament forthwith, and so release distressed legislators from dancing attendance at St. Stephen's. Nodding leaves, cool lawns, and flashing waters in loch and sounds, the exhilarating pastime of yachting and the breezy moors, bid us quit town. All that is beautiful in nature tempts us. It is for the Government by a vigorous effort to free us at the earliest possible moment from the debilitating and depressing atmosphere of the Palace of Westminster.

There is urgent need for hastening the prorogation. Those Ministers who have not had the privilege and pleasure of being invited to Osborne are fairly pining for rest and relaxation, and there is no valid reason why the hue of health should not be brought back to their generally sallow cheeks. Now and again, too, there has been a sudden development of polemical heat of a regrettable nature. Wise in his generation, Mr. Gladstone on the sultry First of August fell into the Summer fashion of taking tea on the riverside terrace of the Houses of Parliament, and no doubt cooled his brain in a wholesome and sensible way. But it was otherwise that evening with the burly deputy Liberal Leader on duty in the House. Something must have warmed Sir William Harcourt to a white heat. Anyway, in Committee on Mr. Goschen's unfortunate Local Taxation Bill, the point uppermost being Mr. Parker's proposal respecting the application of the grant to Scotch schools, Sir William Harcourt suddenly raised his strong voice in anger, and had to be called to order by the Speaker for appearing as a common scold, and using the words "unexampled insolence" against as mild-mannered a Minister as there well could be. Mr. Smith took advantage of this loss of temper to utter a dignified rebuke, and unquestionably scored off this palpable mistake on the part of Sir William Harcourt.

Lord Rosebery may come and Lord Rosebery may go, but Earl Granville goes on for ever amiably and gently catechising the Government in the House of Lords as Leader of the Opposition. On the Fourth of August, Bank Holiday, the noble Earl, creditably anxious to bring his knowledge of African races up to date, elicited some interesting information from Lord Knutsford respecting Swaziland. The sedate Secretary for the Colonies was able to announce that her Majesty's Government and the South African Republic had agreed to a convention which would secure the independence of Swaziland, a country with a native population of about 63,000, and a happy and contented people, according to Sir Francis De Winton.

The Lords sat longer than usual the next day, and passed the Bill for the removal of the gates which have been so great a public inconvenience on the Duke of Bedford's property near Euston-square. On the motion of Lord Wemyss, an amendment was carried to give landlords the right of compensation where any compensation should be proved to be due. The important Directors' Liability Bill, aimed to suppress the dishonest promotion of limited liability companies which play havoc with the savings of credulous investors, was also passed, after the Lord Chancellor had secured the insertion of a clause which Lord Herschell greatly objected to. This was a clause to exculpate directors from blame for the reports of experts.

Bank Holiday week in the Commons opened with the customary multifarious questionings of Ministers on every imaginable kind of subject, from the habits of the Pelican Club to the alleged disorders in Armenia; and the Home Secretary had the satisfaction of seeing the Police Bill passed. Smart rapier practice ensued between Mr. Summers, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. T. W. Russell and Mr. Smith respecting the past missions of the Duke of Norfolk and Sir George Errington to the Vatican; the First Lord of the Treasury raising a laugh by implying that Sir George had received a baronetcy for his services. In his own racy, trenchant style, Mr. Labouchere criticised the Government's management of the business of the House, when Mr. Smith moved the suspension of the "Twelve o'clock rule"; but the Leader of the House had his way, securing facilities thereby for the rapid winding-up of the business of this wellnigh wasted Session. And thus wags the world of Parliament!

At a meeting of the Sheffield Cutlers' Company, on Aug. 5, Mr. Robert Colver, of the firm of Messrs. Jonas and Colver, Continental Steel Works, Sheffield, was elected Master Cutler.

The Queen has approved of two Commissions in the Regular Forces being granted every three years to officers of the Royal Regiment of Malta Militia.

Official notice is given that the Chapels Royal, St. James's Palace and Whitehall, will be closed after Aug. 10 until further notice.

The Views of Taormina, in Sicily, sent to us by Mr. E. M. Lynch, and published in our last Number, were taken by a very clever local photographer, Signor Giovanni Marziani.

Sir Stuart Macnaghten presided on Aug. 5 at the meeting of the Southampton Dock Company, and received the congratulations of the shareholders on having received the honour of knighthood from the Queen.

According to a telegram from Rhode Island, twenty-four blue-jackets attempted to escape from the vessels of the British North American Squadron, but were prevented, though, in consequence of their resistance, one was shot and another was cut down with a cutlass.

The Windsor Cavalry Barracks were en fête on Aug. 5, to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of Colonel the Hon. O. G. P. Montagu's service with the Royal Horse Guards. Athletic sports were held on the Green, in the presence of a large and fashionable company. Colonel Montagu gave the whole of his regiment a dinner, and the wives and families of the married men were liberally entertained.

A church house, with provision for a lecture-room and a parish library, has been built at Denbigh, and, together with the freehold of the ground upon which the building stands, has been presented to the Rector of the parish for church purposes by Dr. Turnour, at whose expense the building and site have been procured. In addition to the church house, Dr. Turnour at the same time presented to the parish of Denbigh a clergy house, which he has furnished as a house of residence for the Curates of the parish. The church house was formally opened on Aug. 5, when the Bishop of St. Asaph, the Dean and Archdeacon of St. Asaph, and a large number of the leading laity of the district were present. The Bishop of St. Asaph, who presided, said that during recent years a vast work had been done in Wales in building and repairing churches, and in improving the services of the Church, and he looked forward in the immediate future to the Church being able to do very much for the social life of the Welsh people. He hoped that the example set by Dr. Turnour would soon be followed in many parishes in the diocese.



THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT COWES REGATTA.

men or women—who prate to us of their theories and convictions in the *fin de siècle* drama. We shall not arrive at that yet awhile; so meanwhile, let us go to the Adelphi and applaud pluck, courage, self-sacrifice, and good horsemanship.—C. S.

Mr. Augustin Daly remains constant to his policy of frequent changes at the Lyceum, notwithstanding the surpassingly attractive nature of Miss Rehan's recent performance of Rosalind. On a sultry Fifth of August, the new eccentric comedy of "The Great Unknown," derived by Mr. Daly from a German play by Franz von Schonthau and Gustave Kadelburg, was produced with that degree of finish in the acting which is the laudable characteristic of the well-trained Daly Company. What mattered if the plot was as light as an omelette? We were at once introduced to a family circle that immediately interested us. The chief honours in "The Great Unknown" belonged to Mr. James Lewis, which admirable comedian presented us with another of those distinct individualities, the perfection of histrionic skill, with which he has familiarised us. He is Mr. Jeremiah Jaraway, the philosophic husband of a lady novelist, no other than "The Great Unknown," a self-imagined genius who cultivates the Muse in Paris, and leaves her household to manage itself at home in New York. Jeremiah consoles himself for her absence by indulging in a platonic flirtation with a very pretty widow, who is anxious to shine on the stage, but Jeremiah pays his court through the medium of the young widow's exceedingly wide-awake Aunt Penelope (Mrs. G. H. Gilbert). It is this philandering of Jeremiah with the comely niece (Miss Edith Crane) that eventually brings Mrs. Jaraway down from the clouds and reunites her to Jeremiah. Add an abundance of tomboyism on the part of Jeremiah's two spoilt daughters Etna and Pansy (Miss Ada Rehan and Miss Isabel Irving), some delightfully unconventional love-making between Miss Ada Rehan and Mr. John Drew, and some bright courting scenes between Miss Edith Crane as the pretty widow, and her impulsive Irish admirer, The O'Donnell Don, and it will be seen that there is no lack of light diversion in "The Great Unknown." The most artistic characterisation, however, is forthcoming from that excellent pair, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert and Mr. James Lewis, whose respective representation of Aunt Penelope and Jeremiah Jaraway will be long remembered with pleasure. Visitors to the Lyceum should be seated in time to witness the gem of a one-act comedy, "A Woman's Won't."

Bank Holiday week (which has seen enormous attendances at the Crystal Palace and French and Military Exhibitions) has had additional dramatic attractions in the reopening of Sadler's Wells with "The Shadows of a Great City," well put upon the stage by Mr. Wilmot and Mr. Freeman; a fresh start at the Novelty, renamed the New Queen's, with "The Corsican Brothers"; and Mr. Charles Wyndham's production at the Criterion of a new three-act play by the late Mr. James Albery, "Welcome, Little Stranger," notice of which must be postponed till next week.

IN SWITZERLAND!

Out of doors the birds have been singing all day; the thick woods which clothe the slopes of the Rhine are full of wild flowers, of all sorts and shades. The trees give out a sweet spring perfume, which fills the air this cool June morning. For we are cool here, whatever the case may be in London: we boast of being 1398 ft. above the sea. In the morning we breakfast in a verandah overlooking the rush and roar of the Rhine Falls, which hiss and bubble, and boil and tumble, like champagne in freshness and sparkle. All day long we sit in the shade, watching the boats ferry passengers, or carry them safely across to the rock which rises abruptly in the river.

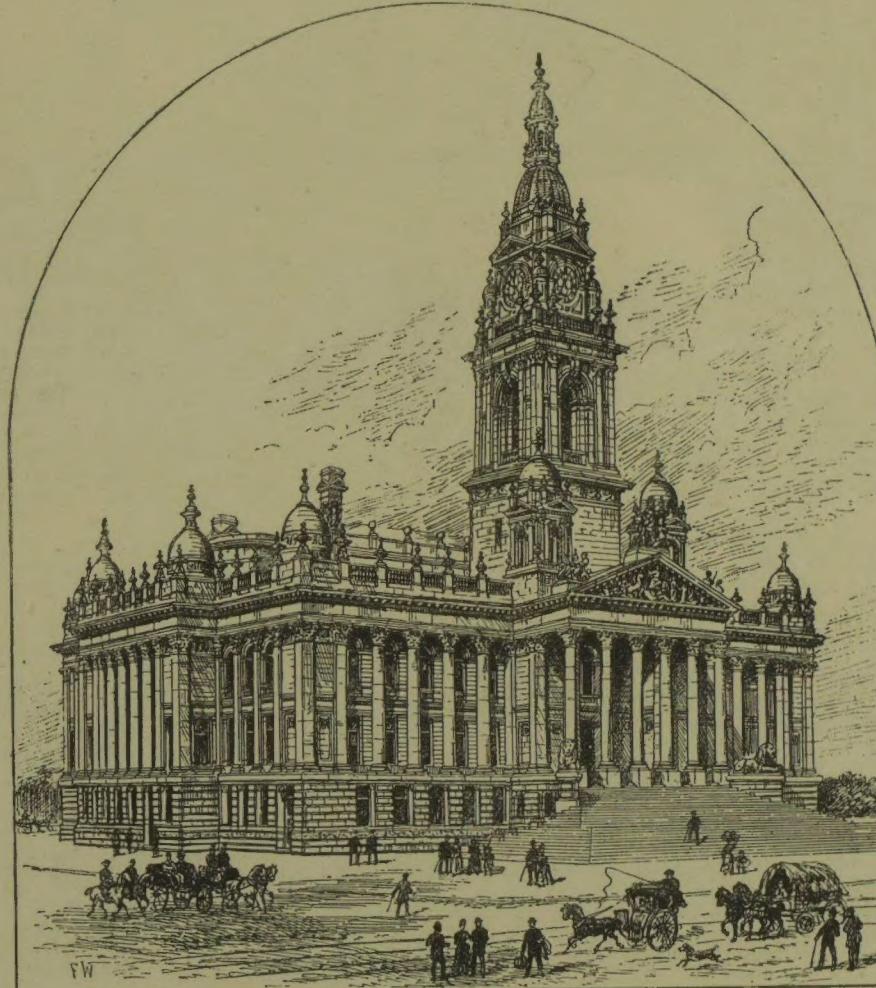
As evening comes and the sun, whose rays never seem to penetrate our gardens, goes down, we leave the hotels by twos and threes and venture down the slope to Château Wörth. Here we drink coffee under shade of the Falls, or talk the latest scandal, and criticise new arrivals. Some of us cross by boat to the other side of the Rhine, and climb to the Fischetz, or wooden Käntli. We don huge cloaks, and stand under the Falls, where the passing spray covers us with foam, and we feel the balcony tremble under the shock, and are deafened by the roar of the stupendous waters. Only on this side of Schloss Laufen do we realise the force of the torrent which sweeps past; and we know why we are cool as we watch the foam rise high above us. As the sun sinks down behind the hills, a range of snowy peaks become visible on the horizon, lighted up by red rays on the glimmering snow, one by one emerging from the distance. Far away, westward, beams the Rigi, 14½ leagues distant; eastward, the Säntis, blue against the sky, linked by a chain of lesser hills between. Then, as mountains fade, the moon comes out, and silvers the Rhine stream beneath us; the electric light is thrown from the Schweizerhof, and illuminates the falls as at midday. The promenades thicken with hotel guests, who come out like bats at twilight, and the village at Neuhausen, down beneath us, twinkles with lights like Fairyland. Sometimes a storm comes over the mountains, and the thunder growls and lightning darts, then the falls are truly magnificent, gleaming blue, red, and many colours.

The rainbows formed over the river by the sun are nothing to the brightness of a storm of lightning; but such storms are brief, passing away and disappearing behind crowded peaks.

Some of us, who are gifted with a taste for sightseeing, leave the cool precincts of our hotels, and cross the steep hills over to Schaffhausen, and come back with wonderful tales of our adventures. Once at Schaffhausen we have left modern times and put back the hand of the clock three centuries; the old town is nothing if not mediæval, and is full of quaint specimens of architecture. Emperors and Kings once dwelt there: the greater part of its buildings date from the sixteenth century: many indeed reach back to the eleventh century, such as the convent of Pope Leo IX. Beautiful carved doorways and projecting windows, richly sculptured gateways or façades, greet the eye on every side of the way: painted frescoes abound. For specimens, we have the "Rote Ochsen," "Schmidstübe," and "Zum Ritter"; the latter, with armoured knights on prancing chargers, dating back to 1570.

Nearly all the old houses have moral mottoes in German characters on their portals. The Gerechte Halle, lately restored, must give an idea of Schaffhausen's former grandeur. Round the old cloisters, passing under the gateway, hang countless tablets with coats of arms; above them, oak beams of immense girth and age support the dwellings of the poor, whose windows, by-the-bye, are bright with geraniums; whose children we can hear shouting in their playground.

Close to us is the Münster, with its old bell, which inspired Schiller's "Lied von der Glöcke." "Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango!" says the fourteenth-century inscription. In the street, red-tasseled, blue-tasseled horses are urged forward by loud-cracking whips. If we look up, overhead, the Munot frowns against the sky. Vineyards clothe the steep ascent, up which children are climbing and making posies. Its summit once gained, a wondrous view spreads out before us. The Rhine winds along in silver streak; the town lies before us, spread out map-wise; the old church-tower, with its bell at the very end, cuts our view westward. Right across the town, in the Herren Acker, little booths fill the old square—for it is fair time, and a Swiss carousal will be enacted at nightfall. Even at this distance, borne on the wind, we can hear distant shouts and calls. The children hurry past us as we descend to make our way homeward to Neuhausen. Lucky people! lucky children!—to have such a view always before them!



THE NEW TOWNSHALL OF PORTSMOUTH.
OPENED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, AUG. 9.

the centre of the building, with a continuous corridor all round communicating with the business rooms, which are external to the corridor. Nearly the same arrangement is carried out on the ground floor, on which are the public library and reading-room. The great hall is 107 ft. long and 72 ft. wide, with an organ recess 40 ft. wide by 22 ft. deep; its roof is 60 ft. high, with a deeply coffered ceiling. There is a gallery running round three sides, accessible from the first-floor corridors by six doors. On the first floor also are the Mayor's dining-room, reception-room, and parlour; and the Council Chamber, which is 62 ft. long by 32 ft. wide, a gallery for the public. Close to this are the offices of the Town Clerk. The building will be lighted by electricity. The great clock in the tower, constructed by Mr. J. W. Benson, Ludgate-hill, London, is one of the finest in the world. It has four dials, each 11 ft. in diameter, of opal glass, illuminated from behind. Its machinery is the most perfect yet invented, on a principle similar to that of the clock at the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, and not less powerful. The bells, cast by Messrs. Mears and Stainbank, of the Whitechapel Foundry, weigh altogether 6½ tons, and their tone and tune are much admired.

Mr. Stuart Macnaughten, Chairman of the Southampton Dock Company, has been knighted.

The Australian cricketers sustained their tenth defeat on August 2, being beaten by the Lyric Club and Ground.

Earl Brownlow has rented the deer-forest of Glencanisp, near the Sutherlandshire coast, where his Lordship proposes to cruise in his steam-yacht Hummingbird. This estate extends to about 35,000 acres, and has only recently been afforested.

The programme of the annual meetings of the British Association, which will be held in Leeds during the week commencing September 3, under the presidency of Sir Frederick Abel, has been issued. There will be eight sections, devoted respectively to mathematical and physical science, chemical science, geology, biology, geography, economic science and statistics, mechanical science, and anthropology. Many of the principal manufacturers have already promised to open their works for the inspection of the members, and the excursions to places which are interesting to historians, geologists, and archaeologists are more than usually numerous.

The festival of the Dunmow flitch of bacon was celebrated at Dunmow on Aug. 4, according to ancient usage. The trial between the claimants for the flitch was held in a marquee, and the jury of maidens and bachelors awarded it to John Hay, a florist at Wood-green, and his wife, who both took the accustomed oath while kneeling on sharp stones.

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Rev. George Rodney Eden as Bishop Suffragan of Dover, in the diocese of Canterbury; and the Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed the same gentleman to the vacant Canonry and Archdeaconry of Canterbury, in succession to the late Right Rev. Edward Parry, D.D.

The Mercers' Company have granted £100, and the Merchant Taylors' Company £52 10s., in aid of the funds of the London University Extension Society. During the session 1889-90, 102 courses of ten lectures each were arranged by the society at different centres in the Metropolis, which were attended by upwards of 12,000 persons.

PORTSMOUTH NEW TOWNSHALL.

The new Townhall of Portsmouth to be formally opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday, Aug. 9, when the Mayor, Sir William King, and the Reception Committee had the honour of receiving their Royal Highnesses on behalf of the Corporation. This stately building, the foundation-stone of which was laid in October 1886, will have cost about £120,000. Its front, to the east, is in Commercial-road, with wide space around it, the Recreation-ground being to the west. Our Illustration shows the architectural design, that of the late Mr. William Hill, of Leeds, who died in January 1889. On his death, his son, Mr. William L. Hill, in conjunction with Mr. C. Bevis, of Portsmouth, as resident architect, was appointed by the Town Council to complete the work. The contract for the whole was taken by Messrs. Armitage and Hodgson, of Leeds. The style of the building is Classical, or Roman. The main feature of the exterior is an order of Corinthian columns and pilasters, with fine carved capitals, running up through two storeys, and supporting the architrave and cornice; which latter, being enriched with good decorations and carried round the entire building, has a very handsome effect. It is surmounted by a parapet, having an open balustrade, with solid piers at intervals, and ornamented vases. There is a boldly projecting portico supported by six columns, giving access to the main entrance; on each side is a deeply recessed loggia, in which the columns stand clear of the wall. At the junction of the portico with the principal front, on either side, is a cupola rising 105 ft. above the ground. The solid angles of the buildings are emphasised above the parapet by domed cupolas. Above the main entrance rises the clock tower, in three stages, to the height of 210 ft. On the top of the dome crowning this tower is a highly ornamented stone cupola with a large gilded ball. The total height of the front to the top of parapet is 66 ft., but the roof of the great hall rises in the centre of the building to a height of 84 ft., and the total height of the tower is 210 ft. The interior arrangement of the principal floor is that of a great hall in

VIEWS ON THE NIGER.

Although Pliny and Herodotus and other ancients were aware of the existence of the Niger River, its course to the sea was hidden in mystery until so lately as the year 1830, when the brothers Lander followed its course from Bousa to its entrance to the Gulf of Guinea, dispelling once for all the popular theory at that time—that this mighty stream was an affluent of the Nile or Congo. In 1886 the National African Company, then trading on the river, having received a Charter from her Majesty's Government, changed their name to the Royal Niger Company, and assumed control over the river and vast territories adjacent to its banks. Since that date, great progress has been made towards developing their possessions. The Company have met with considerable opposition, and have had many obstacles to contend against, which have not sprung from native sources alone; but by quiet and determined work, and by skilful organisation, admirably carried out by their resident officials, this highway to the centre of Africa is being rapidly opened up to the civilising influences of trade and commerce; and a fair example is given of what a powerful company, with supreme control, can accomplish in a short period, under conditions which would have rendered such development as is now taking place impossible if the future of the river had been left to the tender mercies of small associations and individual traders.

The Company have a large fleet of light-draught steamers, and have established thirty trading stations on the Niger proper, and fourteen on the Benue, their most remote stations on each river being several hundred miles inland from Akassa, which is their seaport. The climate of the Delta is extremely unhealthy for Europeans, but, once clear of the forest region, which extends inland from the coast upwards of a hundred miles, a noticeable change for the better takes place; and it is not improbable that districts may be found in the upland regions of the interior which will prove to be at least as healthful as corresponding altitudes on the slopes of Kilimanjaro on the other side of the great continent.

Our Illustrations are from photographs recently taken by Lord Scarborough on the lower river between its mouth and Lokoja.

OBITUARY.

SIR JOHN PRESTON.

Sir John Preston, one of the merchant princes of Belfast, died on Aug. 3, after a long illness. He was born Jan. 12, 1817, the son of the late Mr. Alexander Preston of Dennyloghan, Loughgall, and at an early age entered the business of the great linen trade of the North of Ireland, in which he rose to such eminence. In 1878 he filled the office of Mayor of Belfast, and then received the honour of knighthood. He was President of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce, a Harbour Commissioner, a member of the Board of Superintendence of Belfast Banking Company, and of the Belfast Charitable Society. In politics a Conservative, he acted as Vice-President of the Belfast Conservative Association. Sir John married, Jan. 19, 1843, Mary, daughter of Mr. James Johnstone, of Barret Grove, Stoke Newington, and leaves four surviving children—George Johnstone, J.P. of county Antrim; John, resident magistrate; Mrs. Alexander Cooke, and Mrs. Woods.

REV. WILLIAM HENRY ANDERSON.

The Rev. William Henry Anderson, S.J., the well-known preacher and writer, died on July 28, at the Jesuit College, Roehampton. He was nearly related to Cardinal Manning, and was born March 21, 1816. In 1850 he formed one of the famous group of Oxford men who seceded from the Protestant Church, and took orders in the Church of Rome in 1853. In 1859 he had graduated at University College, Oxford, and proceeded M.A. in 1842. After his union with Rome he became distinguished, not only by his lectures and sermons, but also by his voluminous theological works. His death will be widely deplored throughout the Catholic community. From 1854 to 1864 he was connected with the Catholic University in Dublin, founded under the auspices of Dr. Newman. In 1874 he joined the Order of Jesuits.

MR. ALDAM OF FRICKLEY.

Mr. William Aldam of Frickley Hall, in the county of York, and of Healey Hall, Northumberland, barrister-at-law, died at his Northumbrian seat, on July 27. He was born in 1813, the only son of the late Mr. William Pease, of Leeds, who changed his name from Pease to Aldam, in consequence of his descent, maternally, from the old family of Aldam of Warmworth, near Doncaster. In 1841 he was returned M.P. for Leeds in the Liberal interest. He was Chairman of the West Riding Bench of Magistrates, as well as of the Finance Committee of the West Riding County Council and of the Aire and Calder Navigation Company. He served as High Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1878. Mr. Aldam married, in 1845, Mary Stables, daughter of the Rev. Godfrey Wright of Bilham House, and was left a widower Oct. 4, 1867, with one son and two daughters.

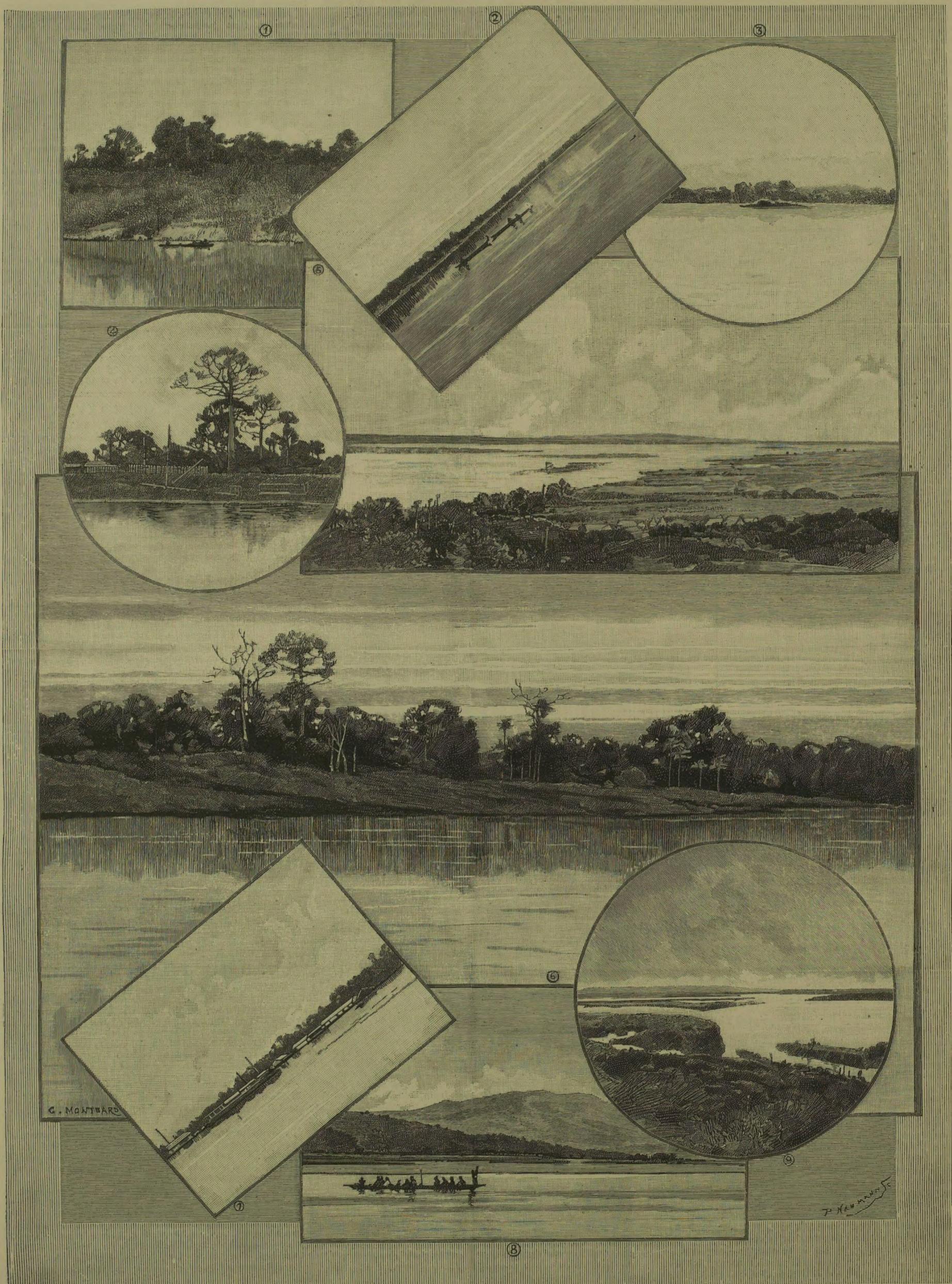
We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General William Harris Burland, formerly of the 9th and 19th Line Regiments, on July 28, at Grosvenor Lodge, Sydenham, aged fifty-four.

Dr. John Scott, of Chandos-street, Cavendish-square, an eminent London physician, especially with reference to diphtheria. He had been summoned to Paris by the late Sir Richard Wallace, and was himself seized with his fatal illness on the very eve of departing.

Colonel Henry Cartwright of Eydon Hall, Northamptonshire, late Grenadier Guards, on July 26, aged seventy-five. He was second son of Lieut.-Colonel Ralph William Cartwright, M.P. for Northamptonshire, by Julia Frances, his second wife, sister of Sir Thomas Digby Aubrey, Bart. For ten years—1853 to 1868—he sat in Parliament for South Northamptonshire, as a Conservative. He married, in 1853, Jane, daughter of Mr. William Holbech of Farnborough, county Warwick, and leaves issue.

An interesting event in connection with the visit of the British Medical Association to Birmingham took place on July 31, when the president, Dr. Wade, presented the gold medal of the association to Surgeon Parke, in recognition of his brilliant services during the Stanley Expedition. In the afternoon of the concluding day Sir Walter Foster gave a garden-party at his residence, and in the evening the President of Mason College and Mrs. Lawson Tait held a reception.



1. Below Utshi.

2. Junction of the Forcados Branch.
3. Bird Rock.

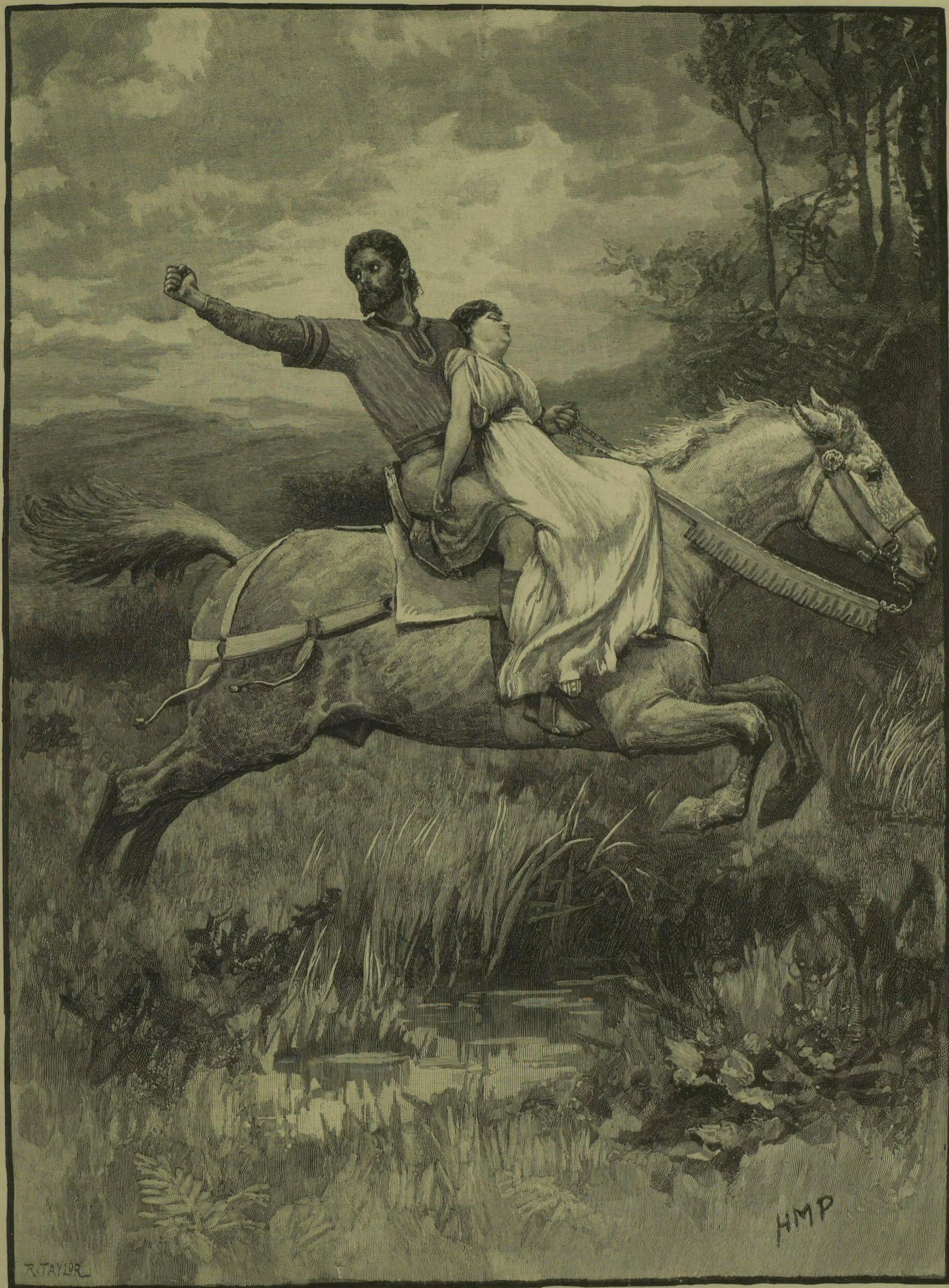
4. A Station.

5. View Down the River from Lokoja.
6. Forest of the Lower Niger.

7. Akassa.

8. Igurra Canoe, Beaufort Island.
9. View Up the River at Lokoja.

VIEWS ON THE RIVER NIGER, WEST AFRICA.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

Turning for a moment to shake my fist at the nearest of the distant Normans.

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHœNICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHÆNICIAN.

RETOLED BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

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CHAPTER V.

When consciousness came to my eyes again, everything around me was altered and strange. The very air I drew in with my faint breaths had a taste of the unknown about it, an impalpable something that was not before, speaking of change and novelty. As for surroundings, it was only dimly that any fashioned themselves before those dull and sleepy eyes of mine that hesitated, as they drowsily turned about, whether to pronounce this object and that true material substance, or still the idle fantasy of dreams.

As time went on certainty developed out of doubt, and I found myself speculating on as strangely furnished a chamber as anyone was ever in. All round the wall hung the implements of many occupations in bunches and knots. Here the rude tools of husbandry were laid aside, the mattock and the flail; the woodman's axe and the neatherd's goad, just as though they had been suspended on the wall by some invisible labourer after a good day's work. Yonder were a sheaf of arrows and a stout bow strangely shaped, a hunting-horn, and there again a long wavy peeled for fishing, and a broad rusty iron sword (that truly looked as if it had not been used for some time) over against a leath for dogs, and a herdsman's cowl, with other strange things festooning the walls of this dim little place.

Among these possessions of some many-minded men were shelves I noted with clay vessels of sorts upon them, and bunches of dried herbs and roots and apples put by for the winter, and, more curious still, in the safest niche away in the quietest corner were stored up in many tiers more than a score of vellums and manuscripts, all neatly rolled and tagged with coloured ribbons, and wound in parchments and embroidered gold and coloured leathers, forming such a library of learning as only the very studious could possess in those days. Beyond them were flasks and essences, and dried herbs, and inkhorns, and sheafs of uncut reeds for writing, with such other various items as astonished me by their incongruous complexity and novelty.

All these lay in the shadows most commendable to my weakly eyes. As for the centre of the room, I now began to notice it was a brilliant golden haze, a nebulous cloud of yellow light, to my enfeebled sense without form or meaning, whence emerged constantly a thin metallic hammering, as though it might be some kindly invisible spirit were forging a golden idea into a human hope behind that shining veil.

I shut my eyes for a minute or two to rest them, and then looked again. The haze had now concentrated itself into a circle of light, radiating, as I perceived, from a lamp hung from the low roof, and under that pale, modest radiance, seated at a trestle table, was a venerable white-bearded old man. Never so far, perhaps, in long centuries of intercourse with brave but licentious peoples had a face like his been before me. It was restful to look at, a new page in history it seemed, full of a peace which had hitherto passed all understanding and a dignity beyond description or definition. Before him, on the board, was a brilliant mass of shining white metal, and, as he eagerly bent over it, absorbed in his work, his thin and scholarly hands, wielding a chisel and a mallet and obeying the art that was in his soul, caused the rhythmed hammering I had noticed, while they forced with loving zeal the bright chips and spiral flakes from the splendid dazzling crucifix he was shaping.

And all behind that lean and kindly anchorite the black shadows flickered on the walls of his lonely cell, and his little fire of sticks burnt dimly on the open hearth, and the shining dust of his labour sparkled in his grizzly beard as brightly as the reverent pleasure in his eyes while the symbol before him took form and shape.

So pleasant was he to look upon, I could have left him long undisturbed, but presently a sigh involuntarily escaped me. Thereon, looking up for the first time from his work, the recluse peered all round him into the recesses, and, seeing nothing, fell to his task once more. Again I sighed, and then he arose without emotion or fear, and stared intently into the shadows where I lay. In vain I essayed to speak—my tongue clove to my mouth, and naught but a husky rattle broke the stillness. At that sound he took down the lamp and came forward, wonder and astonishment working in his face; and when, as the light shone on me, with a great effort my head was turned to one side, even that placid monk started back and stood trembling a little by the table.

But he soon mastered his weakness and advanced again, muttering, as he did so, excitedly to himself, "He was right! He was right!" And when at last my tongue was loosened, I said—

"Who was right, thou grey-bearded chiseller?"

"Who? Why, Alfred. Alfred, the son of Ethelwulf, the son of Egbert—Alfred the great Thane of England!"

"One of your British Princelings, I suppose," I muttered huskily. "And wherein was he so right?"

"He was right, O marvellous returner from the dim seas of the past, in that he prophesied your return! To him you owe this shelter and preservation."

"All this may be so, my host," I replied, beginning to feel more myself again; "but it matters not. I fought a stubborn fight last night, and I was carried away by a midnight torrent. If you have sheltered and dried me, and"—with a sudden sinking of my voice—"if you have protected the little maid I had with me, then I am grateful to you, Alfred or no Alfred," and I threw off a mountain of mouldy-seeming rags and coverlets, and staggered up.

But that worthy monk was absolutely dumb with astonishment, and as I tottered to my feet, holding out to him a gaunt trembling hand, brown with the dust of ages, and drunkenly reeled across his floor, he edged away, while the long hair of his silvery head bristled with wonder.

"My son, my son!" he gasped at length, over the shining crucifix, "this is not so; none of us know the beginning of that sleep you have slept; that night of yours is of immeasurable antiquity. History has forgotten your very battles, and your maid, I fear, has long since passed into common, immaterial dust."

This was too much, and suddenly, overwhelmed by the tide of hot Phænician passion, I shook my fist in his face, and swearing in my bitter Roman that he lied, that he was a grizzle-bearded villain with a heart as black as his tongue, I staggered to the doorway, and pushing wide the hinges tottered out on to a grassy promontory just as the primrose flush of day was breaking over the hilltops. There, holding on to a post, for my legs were very weak and frail, and peering into the purple shadows, I lifted my voice in anger and fear, and shouted in that green loneliness, "Numidae! Numidae!" then waited with a beating heart until—thin, sullen, derisive—from the hills across the ravine came back the soulless response—

"Numidae! Numidae!"

I could not believe it. I would not think they could not hear, and stamping in my impatience, "Electra!" I shouted, "Numidae! 'tis Phra—Phra the friendless who calls to you!" then again bent an ear to listen, until, from the void shadows of the purple hills, through the pale vapours of the morning mist, there came again in melancholy-wise the answer—

"'Tis Phra, Phra the friendless who calls to you!"—and I dropped my face into my hands and bent my head and dimly knew then that I was jettisoned once more on the shore of some unknown and distant time!

It was of no use to grieve; and when the kindly hand of the monk was placed upon my shoulder I submitted to his will, and was led back to the cell, and there he gave me to drink of a sweet, thin decoction that greatly soothed these high-strung nerves.

Then many were the questions that studious man would have me answer, and busy his wonder and awe at my assertions.

"What Emperor rules here now?" I said, lying melancholy on my elbow on the couch.

"None, my son. There are no Emperors but the Sovereign Pontiff now—may St. Peter be his guide!"

"No Emperor! Why, old man, Honorius held sway in Rome that night I went to sleep!"

"Honorius!" said the monk, incredulously stopping his excited paces to stare at me; and he took down a portly tome of history and ran his fingers over the leaves, until, about midway through that volume, they settled on a passage.

"Look! look! you marvellous man!" he cried: "all this was history before you slumbered; and all this, nigh as much again, has been added while you slept! Five hundred years of solid life!—a thousand changing seasons has the germ of existence been dormant in that mighty bulk of yours! Oh! 'tis past belief, and had you not been my lodger for so long a time, though all so short in comparison, I would not hear of it."

"And how has the world spun all this period?" I said, with dense persistence. "Who is Consul now in Gaul? And are all my jolly friends of the Tenth Legion still quartered where I left them?"—and I mentioned the name of the town by which Electra lived.

"I tell thee, youth," the priest replied quite hotly, "there is no Consul, there are no legions. All your barbarous Romans are long since swept to hell, and the noble Harold is here anointed King of Saxon England."

"I never heard of him," I said coldly.

"Perhaps not, but, by the cowl of St. Dunstan! he flourishes nevertheless," responded my saintly entertainer.

"And is this Harold of yours successor to the other Thane, Alfred, whom you describe as taking such a kindly interest in me?"

"Yes; but many generations separate them. It was the great Bretwalda you have mentioned who, tradition says, once found you inanimate, yet living, in a fisherman's hut where he sheltered one day from a storm, and, struck by the marvel and the tale of the poor folk that their ancestors had long ago dragged you from a swollen river in their nets, and that you slumbered on without alteration or change from year to year, from father to son, there on your dusty shelf in their peat smoke and broken gear, he bought and gave you to the holy Prelate at the blessed cathedral of Canterbury, whence you came a few months ago into my hands. All else there is to know, my strangely gifted son," the monk went on, "is locked in the darkness of that long slumber, and such acts of your other life as your vacant mind may recall."

This seemed a wonderful thing, very briefly told, but it was obviously all there was to hear, and sufficient after a style. The old man said that, having a mind for curiosities, and observing me once in danger of being broken up as rubbish by careless hands, he had claimed me, and brought the strange living mummy here to his cell "on the hill Senlac, by the narrow English straits."

"That, inscrutable one," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "was only some months ago, and the mess I made my hut in in cleaning and wiping you down was wonderful. Yonder little stream you hear Prattling in the valley ran dusty for hours with your washings, and your form was one shapeless bulk of cobwebs and dishonoured wrappings. Many a time as I peeled from you the alternate layers of peat smoke and rags with which generations of neglect had shrouded that body, did I think to roll you into the valley as you were, and see what proportions the weather and the crows would make of it. But better counsels prevailed, and for seven days you have been free and daily rubbed with scented oils!"

I thanked him meekly, and hoped I had not been a reluctant patient?

"A more docile never breathed."

"Nor an expensive lodger afterwards?"

"Never was there one more frugal, nor one who less criticised his entertainment!"

Then it was the good monk's turn, and his wise and kindly eyes sparkled with pleasure and astonishment as I told him in gratitude such tales of the early times—drew for him such brilliant, fiery pictures on the dark background of the past—illuminated and vivified his dry histories with the colours of my awakening memory, and set all the withered puppets of his chronicles a-dancing in the tinsel and the glitter of their actual lives; until, over the lintel of his doorway and under the lappets of his roof, there came the first thin, fine fingers of the morning sunshine, trickling into our dim arena thronged thus with shadowy imagery, and playing lovingly about the great silver crucifix that lay thus ablaze under it in the gloom! Then I slept again for two days and two nights as lightly and happy as a child.

* * * * *

When I woke I was both hungry and well. Indeed, it was the scent of breakfast that roused me. But, alas! the meal was none of mine. The little table had been cleared, and at it, on clean white napkins, were places for three or four people. There were wooden platters with steel knives upon them, oatmeal loaves, great wooden tankards of wine and mead, with fish and fowl flesh in abundance. Surely my entertainer was going to turn out a jolly fellow, now the night's vigils were over! But as I speculated in my retired couch there fell the beat of marching men, a clatter of arms outside and a shouting of many voices in clamorous welcome, the ringing of stirrup-irons and the champing of bits, and then, to my infinite astonishment, in stalked as comely a man as I had ever seen, and leading by the hand a fair, pale, black-haired girl, who looked jaded and red i' her eyes.

"There, my Adeliza," he said: "now dry those lashes of yours and cheer up. What! A Norman girl like you, and weeping because two hosts stand faced for battle! What will our Saxon maids say to these shining drops?"

"Oh, Harold!" the girl exclaimed, "it is not conflict I fear, or I would not have come hither to you, braving your anger; but think of the luckless chance that brings my father from Normandy in arms against my Saxon love! Think of my fears, think how I dread that either side should win—surely grief so complicated should claim pardon for these simple tears."

"Well, well," said he—whom I, unobserved in the shadows, now recognised as the English monarch himself—"if we are

bound to die, we can but do so once, and at least we will breakfast first," and down he sat, signing the girl to get herself another stool in rough Saxon manner.

And a very good meal he made of it, putting away the toasted otolans and cheese, and waging war with his fingers and dagger upon all the viands, washing them down with constant mighty draughts from the wooden flagons, and this all in a jolly, light-hearted way that was very captivating. Ever and anon he called to the "churls" outside, or gave a hasty order to his captains with his mouth full of meat and bread, or put some dainty morsel into the idle fingers of his damsels, as though breakfasting was the chief thing in life, and his kingdom were not tottering to the martial tread of an invader.

But even gallant Harold, the last King of the Saxons, had finished presently, and then donned his pointed casque and his flowing silken-filigreed cloak, thrusting his whinger into his jewelled girdle, he threw his round steel target on his back—then held out both his arms. Whether or not his Norman love, the reluctant seal of a broken promise, had always loved him, it is not for me to say, but, woman-like, she loved him at the losing, and flew to him and was enfolded tight into his ample chest, and mixed her raven tresses with his yellow English hair, and sobbed and clung to him, and took and gave a hundred kisses, and was so sweet and tearful that my inmost heart was moved.

When Harold had gone out, and when presently the clatter of arms and shouting proved he was moving off to the field of eventful battle, Adeliza the proud bowed her head upon the table, and abandoned herself to so wild a grief that I was greatly impelled to rise and comfort her. But she would not be consoled, even by the ministrations of two of her waiting maidens, who soon entered the place; and seeing this I took an opportunity when all three were blinding their tears to slip out into the open air.

There I found my friendly Saxon monk in great tribulation, with a fragment of vellum in his hand.

"Ah, my son," he said—"the very man. Look here, the air is heavy with event. Yonder, under the sheen of the sun, William of Normandy is encamped with sixty thousand of his cruel adventurers, and there, down there among the trees, you see the gallant Harold and his straggling array, sorry and muddy with long marching, on the way to oppose them. But the King has not half his force with him, nor a fourth as many as he needs! Take this vellum, and, if you ever put a buskin in speed to the grass, run now for the credit of England and for the sake of history—run for that ridge away there behind us, where you will find the good Earl of Mercia and several thousand men encamped—and, if not asleep, most probably stuffing themselves with food and drink," he added bitterly under his breath. "Give him this, and say Harold will not be persuaded, say that unless the reserves march at once the fight will be fought without them—and then I think Dane and Saxon will be chaff before the wind of retribution. Run! my son—run for the good cause, and for Saxon England!"

Without a word I took the vellum and crammed it into my bosom and spun round on my heels and fled down the hillside, and breasted the dewy tangles of fern and brambles, and glided through the thickets, and flying from ridge to ridge, and leaping and running as though the silver wings of Mercury were on my heels, in an hour I dashed up the far hillside, and, panting and exhausted, threw down the missile under the tawny beard of the great Earl himself.

That scion of Saxon royalty was, as the monk had foreseen, absorbed in the first meal of the day, but he was too much of a soldier, though, like all his race, a desperate good trencherman, to let such a matter as my errand grow cold, and no sooner had he read the scroll and put me a shrewd question or two than the order went forth for his detachments to arm and march at once. But only a captain of many fights knows how slow reluctant troops can be in such case. Surely, I thought, as I stood by with crossed arms watching the preparations it was none of my business to help—surely a nation, though gallant enough, which quits its breakfast board so tardily, and takes such a perilous time to cross-garter its legs, and buckle on its blades, and peak its beard, and tag out its baldric so nicely, when the invader is on foot—surely such a nation is ripe to the fall! And these comely English troops were doubly weary this morning, for they were fresh, as one of them told me, from a hard fight in the far north of the kingdom, where Harold had just overthrown and slain Hardrada, King of Norway, and the unduteous Tosti, Harold's own brother. Less wonder, then, I found them travel-stained and weary, no marvel for the once they were so slow to my fatal invitation.

It was noon before the English Earl led off the van of his men, and an hour later before I had seen the last of them out of the camp and followed reflective in the rear—a place that never yet sorted with my mood—wondering, with the happy impartiality of my circumstance, whether it were best this morning to be invader or invaded.

When we had gone a mile or two through the leafy tangles, a hush fell upon the troop with which I rode, and then with a shout we burst into a run, for up from the valley beyond came the unmistakable sound of conflict and turmoil. We breasted the last ridge, I and two hundred men, and there, suddenly emerging into the open, was the bloody valley of Senlac beneath us, and the sunny autumn sea beyond, and at our feet right and left the wail and glitter and dust of nearly finished battle—Harold had fought without us, and we saw the quick-coming forfeit he had to pay.

The unhappy Saxons down there on the pleasant grassy undulations and among the yellow gorse and ling stood to it like warriors of good mettle, but already the day was lost. The Earl and his tardy troops had been merged into the general catastrophe, and my handful would have been of naught avail. The English array was broken and formless, galled by the swarming Norman bowmen, the twang of whose strings we could mark even up here, and fiercely assailed by foot and horsemen. In the centre alone the English stood stubbornly shoulder to shoulder around the peaked flag, at whose foot Harold himself was grimly repelling the ceaseless onset of the foeman.

But alas for Harold, alas for the curly-headed son of Ethelwulf, and all the Princes and Peers with him!

We saw a mighty mass of foreign cavalry creeping round the shoulder of the hill, like the shadow of a raincloud upon a sunny landscape: we saw the thousand gonfalons of the spoilers fluttering in the wind: we saw the glitter on the great throng of northern chivalry that crowded after the black charger of William of Normandy and the sacred flag—accursed ensign—that Toustan held aloft: we saw their sweeping charge, and then when it was passed, the battle was gone and done, the Saxon power was a hundred little groups dying bravely in different corners of the field.

The men with me that luckless afternoon melted away into the woods, and I turned my steps once more to the little hill above Senlac and my hermit's cell.

There the ill news had been brought by a wounded soldier, and the women were filling the evening air with cries and weeping. All that night they wept and wailed, Harold's wife leading them, and when dawning came nothing would serve

but she must go and find her husband's body. Much the good monk tried to dissuade her, but to no purpose, and swathing herself in a man's long cloak, with one fair maiden likewise disguised, and me for a guide, before there was yet any light in the sky the brave Norman girl set out.

And sorry was our errand and grim our success. The field of battle was deserted, save of dead and dying men. On the dark wind of the night went up to heaven from it a great fitful moan, as all the wounded groaned in unison to their unseen miseries. Alas! those tender charges of mine had never seen till now the harvest field of war laid out with its swathes of dead and dying! Often they hesitated on that gloomy walk and hid their faces as the fitful clouds drifted over the scene and the changing light and shadows seemed to put a struggling ghastly life into the heaps of mangled corpses. Everywhere, as we threaded the mazes of destruction or stepped unwitting in the darkness into pools of blood and mire, were dead warriors in every shape and contortion, lying all aspaw, or piled up one on top of another, or sleeping pleasantly in dreamless dissolution against the red sides of stricken horses. And many were the pale, blood-besmeared faces of Princes and chiefs my white-faced ladies turned up to the starlight, and many were the sodden yellow curls they lifted with icy fingers from the dead faces of thanes and franklins, until in an hour the Norman girl, who had gone a little apart from us, suddenly stood still, and then up to the clear, black vault of heaven there went such a clear, piercing shriek as hushed even the very midnight sorrows of the battlefield itself.

The King was found!

And Editha the hand-maiden, too, made her find presently, for there, over the dead Prince's feet, their left hands still clasping each as when they had died, were her father and her two stalwart brothers.

Never did silent courtiers than we six sit at a monarch's feet until the day should break; and then we who lived covered the comely faces with the hems of their Saxon tunics, and were away as fast as we could go to the Norman camp, that the poor Princess-girl might beg a trophy of her victorious father.

We entered the camp without harm, but had to stand by until the Conqueror should leave his tent and enter the rough shelter that had already been erected for him. Here, while we waited, a young Knight, guessing Editha's sex through her long cloak, roughly pulled down the kerchief she was holding across her face. Whereupon I struck him so heavily with my fist that, for a minute, he reeled back against the horse he was leading, and then out came his falchion, and out came mine, and we fell upon each other most heartily.

But before a dozen passes had been made the bystanders separated us, and at the same moment the Normans set up a shout, and the brand-new English tyrant strode out of his tent, and encircled by a glittering throng, entered the open audience-hall. Adeliza dropped her white veil as he sat himself down, and called to him, and ran to the foot of his chair, and wept and knelt, so that even the stern son of Robert the Devil was moved, and took her to him, and stroked her hair, and soothed and called her, in Norman-French, his pretty daughter, and promised her the first boon she could think of.

And that boon was the body of Harold *Infelix*.

Turn back the pages of history, and you will see that she had her wish, and Waltham Abbey its kingly patron.*

Meanwhile, a knight led the weeping Princess away to her father's tent, but when I and Editha would have followed two iron-coated rogues crossed their halberds in our path.

"Not so fast there, my bulky champion!" called William the Bastard to me. "What is this I heard about your striking a Norman for glancing at yonder silly Saxon wench? By St. Denis! your girls will have to learn to be more lenient! Whence come you? What was your father's name?"

"I hardly know," I said, without thinking.

"Ah! a too common ignorance nowadays!" sneered the Conqueror, turning to his laughing knights.

Whereon wrathfully I replied: "At least, my father never mistook, under cover of the night, a serving-wench for a Princess!"

The shaft took the soldier in a very tender spot, and his naturally sallow countenance blanched slowly to a hideous yellow as a smile went round the steel circle of his martial courtiers at my too telling answer. Yet even then I could not but do his iron will justice for the stern resolution with which the passion was restrained in that cold and cruel face, and when he turned and spoke in the ear of his marshal standing near there was no tremor of anger or compassion in the inflexible voice with which he ordered me to be taken outside and hanged "to the nearest tree that will bear him" in ten minutes.

"As for the Saxon wench—Here, Des Ormeux"—turning to a grim villain in steel harness at his side—"this girl has a good fief, they say: she and it are yours for the asking!"

"My mighty liege," said the Norman, dropping on one knee, "never was a gift more generously given. I will hold the land to your eternal service, and make the maid free of my tent to-day, and to-morrow we will look up a priest for the easing of her conscience."

Loudly the assembled soldiers laughed as Des Ormeux pounced upon the shrieking Editha and bore her out of one door, while, in spite of my fierce struggles to get at him, I was hustled into the open from another.

They dragged me into a green avenue between the huts of the invader's camp while they went for a rope to hang me with. And as I stood thus loosely guarded and waiting among them, down the Norman ravisher came pacing towards us on his war-horse, bound towards his tent, with my white Saxon flower fast gripped in front of him.

Oh, but he was proud to think himself possessed of a slice of fair English soil so easily, and to have his courtship made so simple for him, and he looked this way and that, with an accursed grin upon his face, no more heeding the tears and struggles of his victim than the falcon cares for the stricken pigeon's throats. When they came opposite to us Editha saw me and threw out her hands and shrieked to me, and, when I turned away my eyes and did not move, surely it seemed as though her heart would have broken.

Three more paces the war-horse made, and then, with the spring of a leopard thirsting for blood, I was alongside of him, another bound and I was on the crupper behind, and there, quicker than thought, quicker than the lightning strikes down the pine-tree, I had lifted the Norman's steel shoulder-plate, and stabbed him with my long keen dagger so fiercely in the back that the point came out under his mid rib, and the red blood spurted to his horse's ears. Quicker, too, than it takes to tell I had gripped the maiden from the spoiler's dying hands, and, pushing his bloody body from the saddle, had thrown my own legs over the crescent peak, and before the gaping scullion soldiers comprehended my bold stroke for freedom I had turned the horse's head and was thundering through the camp towards the free green woods beyond.

And we reached them safely; a rascal or two let fly their cross-bows at us as we fled by, and I heard the bolts hum

* Exact historians say it was Harold's mother who found his body upon the field of battle, and offered William its weight in gold for it. But our narrator ought to know the truth better than any of them.

merrily past my ears, but they did no harm; and there was mounting and galloping and shooting, but the mailed Normans were wonderfully slow in their stirrups! I laughed to see them scrambling and struggling into their seats, two or three men to every warrior who got safely up, and we soon left them far behind. Down into the dip we rode, my good horse spurning in his stride the still fresh bodies of yesterday's fighters, and spinning the empty helmets, and clattering through all the broken litter of the bitter contest, until we swept up the inland slopes into the stunted birch and hazels, and then—turning for a moment to shake my fist at the nearest of the distant Normans—I headed into the leafy shelter, and was speedily free from all chance of pursuit.

Then, and not before, was there time to take a glance at my beautiful prize, lying so gentle and light upon my breast. Alas! every tint of colour had gone from her fair features, and she lay there in my arms, fainting and pulseless. I loosened her neckscarf. "So!" I said, "fair Saxon blossom, this is destiny, and you and I are henceforth to be joined together by the wondrous links of fate"—and, stooping down as we paced through the pleasant green and white flicker of the silent wood, I indorsed the immutable will of chance with a kiss upon her forehead.

Presently she recovered, and all that day we rode forward through the endless vistas of the southern woods by bridle tracks and swine paths, until at nightfall, far from other shelters, we halted among the rocks and hollows of a little eminence. No doubt my gentle comrade would have preferred a more peopled habitation, but there was none in all that mighty wilderness, so she, like a wise girl, submitted without complaint to that which she could not avoid.

(To be continued.)

DANGERS OF MOUNTAINEERING.

Alpine climbers have often been warned against the risks of attempting to ascend the sides of steep mountains, with snow above, too early in the summer, when huge sheets of snow, called "avalanches," are rather apt to fall down the precipice, bringing loose rocks and stones with them—a terrible danger to those incautiously treading the narrow paths below. Our Artist has probably not exaggerated the alarming situation of a party of rash tourists who have encountered such an adventure on the Alps. But they seem to have a partial shelter, and we trust they will all escape being knocked over, or swept down into the terrific abyss, by this most formidable onslaught of the tremendous forces of hostile Nature, by which many unfortunate persons have suddenly perished, victims of their own imprudence, but not the less mourned by their friends.

NOVELS.

Madame Leroux. By Frances Eleanor Trollope. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—The stories written by this clever lady are never deficient in originality of design, in narrative skill, or in vigorous and consistent exhibition of individual characters, flavoured with strong genuine humour. If some exception be taken in the present instance to the rather hackneyed device of connecting all the plot with the situation of a girl whose parentage is unknown, and who is called Lucy Marston, Lucy Smith, finally Lucy Rushmore, being really the illegitimate child of Caroline Graham, afterwards Madame Leroux, full amends have been made by the dominant interest of her mother's equivocal position. Scarcely has Balzac, or any of the French novelists dealing with the possible complications, the disguises, alienations, and concealments that may attend false pretensions in modern society to the denial of natural affections of kindred, produced a more striking example. Caroline Graham, some twenty years before the crisis of this story, was in the service of Lady Charlotte Gaunt, one of the daughters of Lord Grimstock, as her confidential lady companion. A young Artillery officer, Ralph Rushmore, on whom Lady Charlotte then silently bestowed her unrequited love, was unhappily captivated by the superior fascinations of Caroline. The result of their intimacy was such as to compel her to go away, when he departed for India, and to hide herself in a remote moorland farmhouse of North Yorkshire, where she, under the name of Mrs. Smith, passing for the widow of a sailor who had died on a voyage from Australia, gave birth to a daughter, Lucy. This infant was soon adopted by a respectable childless couple—Mr. Marston, a country solicitor, and his wife—who kindly brought up the girl, treating her as their own, in the village of Westfield, somewhere in the Midland shires. After their death she lived in the house of Mr. Marston's partner and brother-in-law, Mr. Shard, who carried on his business at Westfield; but she grew up, from childhood, the playfellow and dearest friend of Miss Mildred Enderby, only daughter and heiress of a wealthy Baronet owning the great mansion and estate in that parish. Mildred's mother, Lady Jane Enderby, who has died before the story begins, was Lady Jane Gaunt, sister to Lady Charlotte; and the time comes when Sir Lionel Enderby invites his sister-in-law, Lady Charlotte—she being still unmarried—to take care of the young lady and of the household at Enderby Court. Meanwhile, since the disappearance of the pretended "Mrs. Smith" from the place of her temporary seclusion in Yorkshire, Lady Charlotte has been ignorant of what had become of Caroline Graham, whom she had mercifully assisted in her distress and disgrace, not knowing, indeed, that it was due to an intrigue with Rushmore; for she was falsely told that Herbert Gaunt, her own brother, afterwards a clergyman, and now long dead, was the father of Caroline's child.

These preceding circumstances, of which some parts are known only to one or two persons, while other parts are kept secret in a different quarter, throw a strange lurid light on the character and position of Madame Leroux—a clever, brilliant, unscrupulous social adventuress, not entirely heartless, but practically shameless, who has, after leaving her babe to the care of strangers, lived a shifty, rambling life on the Continent, married an operatic tenor, suffered from his dissipated habits, and contrived to become the mistress of a pretentious boarding-school for young ladies at Kensington. Her private tastes and associations, which are thoroughly Bohemian, are secretly indulged in frequent evening visits to the merry company assembled at the houses or lodgings of unfashionable old friends, one of whom, Mr. Hawkins, a very shady manager of loan offices and promoter of bubble finance schemes, is cousin to Mr. Shard. As Lady Charlotte Gaunt, at Westfield, dislikes Lucy Marston, and wants to separate her from Mildred Enderby, Mr. Shard, willing to please his local patroness, sends the girl to London, and manages, through Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, to get her appointed teacher of music, French, and German in the boarding-school. Madame Leroux can have no idea of the identity of Lucy with her own daughter, of whom she has never heard since her earliest infancy. Although Madame's present behaviour is not actually vicious, beyond the practice of constant dissimulation in her struggle to maintain a respectable connection as schoolmistress—and she is much incumbered with debts—the honesty and sagacity of Lucy take alarm at the freedoms in which she habitually indulges, and she refuses to accompany her, one

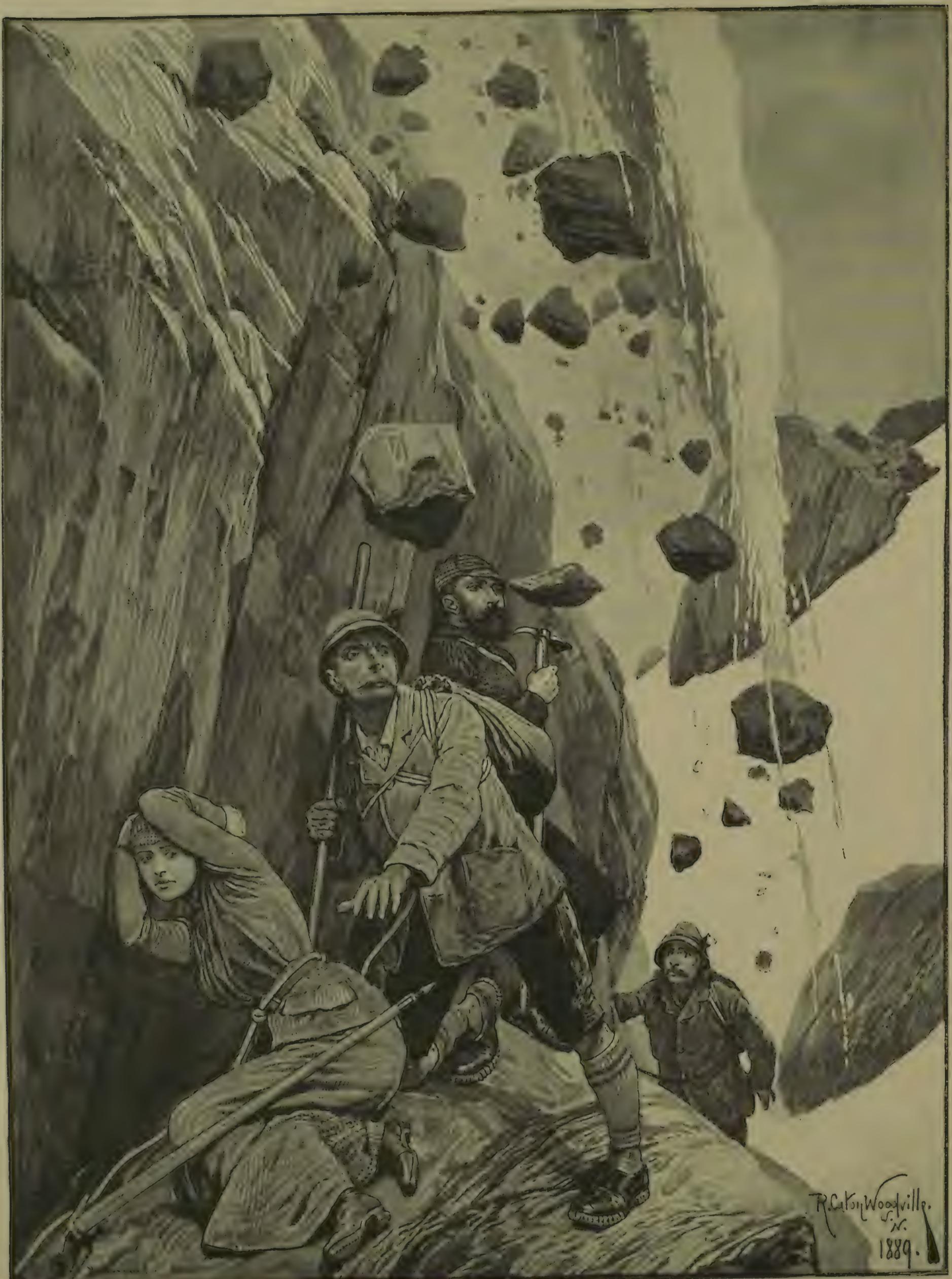
night after the theatre, to a gentlemen's supper-party. This occasions a quarrel, and Lucy quits her service, afterwards getting some miserably poor employment in writing addresses of circulars for a quack dentist. Enduring her trials bravely, she is encouraged by the active goodwill of several friends, the most notable being a generous girl named Fatima, niece to Mrs. Hawkins, and their faithful ally Mr. Zephany, a middle-aged cosmopolitan, born a Spanish Jew of Gibraltar, conversant with all the nations and languages of Europe and the Levant, a man of strict integrity and benevolent disposition, whose character is one of the best in the story. Now it happens that this man becomes acquainted with Rushmore, who has, after retiring from the Army in India, been living in Australia until he inherited a moderate fortune by the death of his uncle. Inquiries concerning Lucy's birth, separately prosecuted by two or three different persons, with results communicated later on to Lady Charlotte Gaunt, discover the fact that she is the daughter of Caroline Graham, who is recognised by Rushmore in the person of Madame Leroux. He had, long before this, desiring to atone for his youthful fault, offered to marry Caroline, when he was a poor man; but she had coldly rejected the offer, expecting at the time to get a richer husband. The desperate woman, in a very powerful scene, attempts once more to bring him to her feet, and, failing in this endeavour, puts an end to her own life with a dose of chloral. Then Rushmore, who is not a bad man, after all, takes home Lucy as his acknowledged daughter; and the neighbouring young squire, Richard Avon, is happy to make her his wife. It is, on the whole, an agreeable story, decidedly right-minded, liberal and kindly in spirit, and many scenes are highly amusing.

Paul Nugent—Materialist. By Helen F. Hetherington (Gullifer) and the Rev. H. Darwin Burton. Two vols. (Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh.)—An advertisement of this book, not the title-page or a preface, declares it to be "a Rejoinder to 'Robert Elsmere.'" The generality of novel-readers, like ourselves, prefer to be entertained with a sympathetic exhibition of common human feelings and actions, either in ordinary domestic and social life, or in romantic adventures and situations. They do not want, in the guise of fiction, a dose of theological arguments either for or against the "orthodox" doctrines of Christianity. "The latest theories of physical science, and German anti-Christian criticism," are more properly left to strict logical controversy, or to the serious discourse of pulpit preachers and lecturers, unmixed with the necessary theme of the novelist—which is the problem, Shall a certain gentleman marry a certain lady? The only justification of "Robert Elsmere," from this critical point of view, referring to the legitimate scope of story-telling literature, was that it set forth, with much pathos and dramatic effect, that which is occasionally an incident of real occurrence in English society at this day. We mean the distressing position of a married clergyman who finds himself constrained, by his sense of veracity and fidelity to conscience, to disavow the creeds and formularies of the Established Church, while his wife—like that noble woman, Catherine Elsmere—suffers intensely from her persuasion that he has fallen out of the ranks of Divine grace and salvation. Such distress is a personal tragedy, which has really some interest, apart from all consideration of the truth or the error of Robert Elsmere's views; and its delineation may throw some light on possible trials and troubles affecting some members of a class bound to the maintenance of ecclesiastical institutions as they stand in this country. We are unable to see that this moral and social problem—the unhappiness which a clergyman's change of opinion, if he act upon it as an honest man, is apt to cause in his family and among his friends—finds any solution or response in the story of "Paul Nugent."

The lady, whose former productions, under the *nom de plume* of "Gullifer," have never come under our notice, here obtains the aid of a clerical collaborator, apparently conversant with the recent discussions, in critical magazines, by various learned academical writers, treating now of the credibility of Biblical history, now of the metaphysical or ethical grounds for religious belief. With regard to the latter, it must at once be remarked that "Robert Elsmere" has nothing whatever to do with any controversy taken up by the joint authors of "Paul Nugent," as the advertisement professes, "in a thoroughly orthodox spirit," against Materialism. Every reader of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's book is aware that its hero is no more a "Materialist" than Cardinals Newman and Manning, Canon Liddon, or Mr. Spurgeon; that his spiritual philosophy is that of the late Professor T. H. Green, of Oxford, which is directly opposed to the negations or the agnostic limitations of belief, favoured by exaggerated pretensions on behalf of physical science. Sir Paul Nugent himself, the sceptical young Baronet who does not go to church, and does not believe in the narrative parts of the Old and New Testament, seems to be no Materialist, insomuch as he believes in the freedom of the will, and behaves with heroic integrity amid the severest trials of virtue. The husband of such an abandoned, heartless, shameless creature as Perdita, his first wife, who at the very outset of their married life, passing from selfishness and wantonness to spiteful hatred, insulting, betraying, and tormenting him in return for his love, then took to secret drinking and was killed by a tipsy fall, appears to have continued a pure-living, self-controlled, honourable gentleman, solacing his widow life in rural seclusion with refined and serious studies. This is not a very terrible example of the sceptic's moral condition. But there is no reason to underrate the desirability of his conversion to orthodoxy, which among other benefits enables him to win the heart and hand of Miss Maud Dashwood, a high-souled daughter of the Squire and disciple of the Church, eminently qualified to aid him in the quest of safety and peace. Such a consummation is wrought, partly by theological conferences with two active parish curates, who can also play lawn-tennis; partly by a few touching experiences among the lower-class population of Elmersbridge and other poor folk, and by the adventure of almost losing his own life in bravely rescuing a woman from a burning house. Sir Paul Nugent is convinced, baptised, and happily married at last, while one of the curates marries another good young lady, the Squire's niece. The practical demonstration in favour of orthodoxy is thus sufficiently complete, and this is "a Rejoinder to Robert Elsmere"!

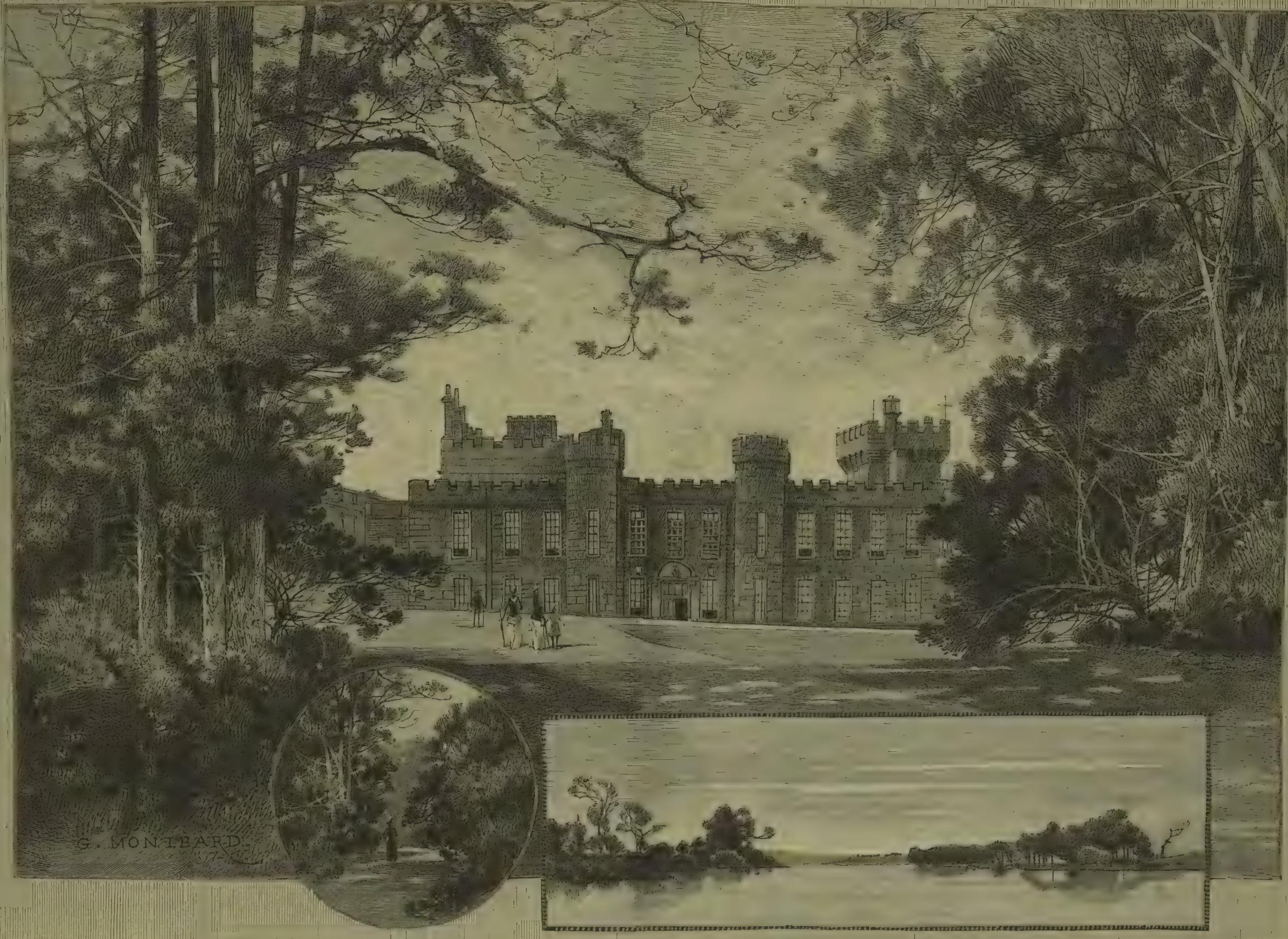
Children (boys over ten years of age excepted) are admitted to Gray's Inn Garden without orders between 6 p.m. and 8 p.m., wet days excepted. The gardens have for years past been practically open to the public, inasmuch as Benchers' orders have been liberally given. This order is intended to benefit children of the poorest class, and will remain in force until Sept. 30.

Sir James Carmichael presided at the opening, on July 30, of the new technical schools and other structural extensions in connection with the existing voluntary schools in the parish of St. Marylebone. The additional buildings, which have been erected, together with the necessary fittings and appliances, at a cost of £10,000, are the gift of Lady Howard de Walden and the late Viscountess Ossington.



DANGERS OF MOUNTAINEERING. AN AVALANCHE.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.



PRIVATE WALK.

THE LAKE.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXV.

Knowsley Hall.



THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G.

WHEN the American lands at Liverpool, he straightway asks to be shown one of the great old houses of this little old country; and there is luckily such a house, with a history, in some ways, almost unrivalled, within eight miles of the spot on which he stands. Architecturally, Knowsley Hall is not one of the most remarkable of the homes of our great families, but historically it is hard to beat.

The present Earl of Derby can trace his pedigree from father to son clear to the Conquest—so says Burke, and Burke ought to know; and for fully half a thousand years the Stanleys have been among the greatest of our English nobles. Twice or thrice allied to the blood-royal, Kings themselves, even in name, for over a century, of the neighbouring Island of Man, they have justified their proud motto, *Sans Changer*; nor has their house under its latest leaders shown any promise of decay—rather, indeed, it is stronger now than it was a couple of centuries ago.

And Knowsley has been, for a good many hundred years, the seat of this ancient family—growing with their growth, half battered down when their King's enemies besieged them: throwing out here a vast wing to welcome a monarch, there a fortification to oppose the rebel cannon: till it has come to be what we see it now—a great English house in a great English park, holding a hundred visitors during the yearly stay of the family, stabling commonly thirty or forty horses, and always growing, always changing, in spite of the aforesaid motto. One block of building dates from Henry the Seventh's day; one from Charles the Second's; much is not more than four or five years old; and a good deal is still in the making, or remaking. Everywhere, as in many an historic English home, the old and new are side by side. Fallow deer such as Robin Hood shot gallop through the park. In the glasshouses are rare new orchids, "as worn by" the honourable member for West Birmingham. Holbeins and Rembrandts line the picture-galleries; while the Earl's rooms are full of the water-colours which are now the glory of English art. At the park gates is the little town of Prescot, with its market many centuries old. In a mile or so begin the suburbs which Liverpool spreads yearly farther, carrying with them the smoke of the vast city over the sunny country; and not far off the canal is a-digging which may (or may not) in time bring Liverpool to the level of the forgotten seaports of the south.

Is it because the long descent of its owners is so entirely beyond question, that one's first impression of Knowsley Park is one of the most perfect simplicity? I do not know what all the park's entrances are like, for there are eleven of them in its circuit of fourteen miles and a half, and you cannot well enter a park eleven ways at one visit; but this simplicity is very notable on the way in from Prescot—which is not, let it be explained, the nearest way from Liverpool, for a bare two miles from the suburb of Huyton a little avenue, simple as a country lane, leads to one of the lodges.

But, if you are at Prescot, a walk of three or four minutes will take you from the top of the town—where the comfortable inn looks down a narrow street to the church—past roughly trimmed hedges to the red columns of the park gates. The low park wall bears away to the left—it is five hundred and eighty years since first that park was enclosed; and outside it you see wide, level fields stretching away to the distant rise, and within it a hill closely covered with trees.

Through the gates the bit of the park first seen is plain as plain can be: rough grass, with a white road across it to the belt of trees which shelters the grounds within. So near the town, with the homely crowing and clucking of neighbouring poultry in your ear, it seems strange to come upon a little group of stags, lying in the grass so much at ease that your passage within twenty yards does not trouble them.

Beyond the belt of wood, the park's simplicity is still so great that it might pass for a common, circled though it is with trees—and most of the trees have iron petticoats, which is not picturesque. A few black sheep lie meditatively in the rough grass, only their mouths moving. Overhead a delightful

concert is going on, in which even the Cockney ear can distinguish the songs of half a dozen different birds—

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo.

Another belt of wood, and then a great pond, which, for the moment, a lady duck has almost to herself and family—ten of the tiniest ducklings, whom she is taking for a swim. She performs her devotions by putting her head under water and erecting her latter half like a buoy; and the little ones joy in their parent's respectability.

From this point things are more parklike; the view is wider and the grass more smooth, and a herd of deer dashes across the park, like racers sweeping along at Epsom—great fellows, some of them, bearing their splendid antlers loftily.

Then you walk through a wood, full of songbirds; the ground is still brown, on this spring morning, with the dead bracken of the winter. Only a little farther is a gathering of grand old trees, stretching their arms after the winter sleep, and covered with little leaves of delicate light green. The woodcutters are at work, and there is a delicious smell of burning sticks and weeds, from the fire they have made.

Just through these trees is the bridge, on the comfortable stone seats of whose wall one may sit and admire the fine grey arch and red battlements of the entrance-lodge: a very stately affair, with its round tower, and handsome gates of wrought iron. The little stream, crossed by the bridge, is shaded by trees; indeed, the whole picture is set in trees, now in their gayest May-Day dress.

And, passing through the arch, you come upon a garden-scene made up of the blue sky and every possible shade of green. Here are firs, almost black against the trim grass; and other evergreens of richer shades; and the youngest leaves of tall trees; and every shrub; and—just to pick out the one colour—the glittering yellow of gorse, and white daisies. (For here the sensible gardener does not destroy these jewels of the grass; indeed, before his house the lawn is all be-snowed with them, and very lovely.)

The air is scented with spring flowers as you pass along, through garden-walks among the tall trees, till a sharp turn leftward through a shrubbery brings you to the great house: a red building, whose two sides make a huge corner, as you look at them across the broad, daisy-covered lawn—a better view than the one you gain approaching the house, as we have done, Frescot way.

The complete difference in style between the two rows of building, thus joined at a right angle, is very curious: both are red, and there all likeness between them ends. The main entrance—more appropriately to be described as the front door—is in the top line of building, a rather bare block of late seventeenth-century architecture, with a tower recently added, in the roof. The servants' door—which has much more the air of a main entrance—is in a long wing of red stone, castellated, with round towers on each side of the doorway, and a great square tower behind the main building to the right. This side was begun to make a dining-hall for the welcoming of Henry VII., and was largely rebuilt, I believe, in 1820.

Perhaps the chief front of the house is that which a narrow pedantry, arguing from the position of the front door, would call the back. Here is a long and varied stretch of tower, great pillared balcony, turret and arcade and parapeted wall: with different hues of deep red stone, brick of a lighter, duller red, and pillars of greyish white. Arms and an inscription are carved above the balcony; these bear their date, while the great dining-room wing next door dates itself, as belonging, in its new state, to this year or the next—for it is yet unbuilt.

It is like looking at a besieged tower to see this breached and battered wall, with tumbled débris on the grass, and the huge iron instrument standing by—doubtless to aid in building, but with a formidable air of destruction. Peaceful British workmen stand about, critically surveying the walls—it is, one need hardly say, their dinner-hour—and no doubt thinking of the amount of work they are going to do, when they really begin. Yet one cannot help feeling that they are about to batter down, even if it is only to build again: that they mean to strike home, be it merely for the Eight Hours they so much desire. One remembers that this was the home of Charlotte de la Tremouille, who defended so bravely her other house at Lathom against just such a siege as might be going on here; nor were the dusty Roundheads, nor the breach then made, a whit more picturesque, I dare say, than these their successors.

Going indoors, one can only wish that the great dining-hall now building, or rebuilding, may be as fine as was the one just passing away. This was the one great room of the house: a Gothic banqueting-room, fifty feet high, with a picturesque raised skylight in the centre, and a magnificent window filling almost the whole of one end. Here was much carved oak, beginning with the massive door, sixteen feet high, and going on with a huge sideboard, which has "been in the family" for centuries; and here hung many portraits of Earls and Countesses of the past, and other great pictures of the house.

Of the drawing-rooms, the wide and brilliant staircase, the "King's rooms," where Kings actually sleep—for Knowsley has had many Royal visitors, from Henry VII. to our own Prince of Wales—of the picture-gallery, the libraries, even the

spacious ancient kitchens, much might be said, but little must suffice.

The book-lover naturally makes at once for the chief library—a large double room, with a beautiful view of park and gardens and water from the farther window; a chamber of sober colour, brightened by the rich bindings of some of the large books, and perfumed by their ancient familiar smell. Over the chimneypiece you see the last and present Earls, both readers and lovers of books. Among the 20,000 or so volumes at Knowsley are fine collections of works on natural history—the great study of the thirteenth Earl—and of travels; and there are many books, expanded, perhaps, from two volumes to ten by the addition of countless illustrative pictures, gathered from all sources at great price.

There exists a substantial quarto volume of three hundred pages on the pictures at Knowsley, which must be here summed up, unworthily enough, in thirty lines. The long, narrow picture-gallery contains only a few of the paintings, famous or interesting, which fill the house: nor, indeed, does it hold the best of them. With such a family, the family portraits are naturally the things best worth seeing. Vandyke has painted the cheery, comely face of the heroine of the house, Charlotte de la Tremouille, and of her husband, the seventh Earl, its hero and martyr. We see here Lawrence's picture of the beautiful Miss Farren, twelfth Countess; and the queer, wrinkled visage of the wandering sixth Earl, who was lost, it is said, for twenty years, peers from amid a line of stalwart successors.

Besides portraits, there is the collection of old masters that every patron of the arts, a century ago, felt it his duty to make; and it includes some exceedingly fine pictures. A painter and engraver named Hamlet Winstanley was sent to the Continent, early in the eighteenth century, by the current Earl of Derby, and there bought for him, among many other pictures, the famous "Belshazzar's Feast" by Rembrandt, which is now the chief glory of the house. It is a large, dramatic, powerful, rather grim picture. The figure—more than lifesize—of the startled King, with the women and courtiers round, amazed at his fear, has reminded many critics of the banquet scene in "Macbeth." There is, as so often in Rembrandt's pictures, an effect of a double light: the radiance from the mysterious writing on the wall meets, and in part shines down, the light from a candelabrum near the left hand of the picture.

There is a famous Rubens, too, of Seneca dying in the historical bath; a Spagnoletto, the "Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew," which has been described as a "most horribly fine picture"; and—to omit many works of the great painters of old and come to our modern men—a very interesting collection of animal-pictures, by two artists, both of them afterwards famous, who were successively housed at Knowsley for years, that they might paint the birds and animals in the park. One of these was Richard Ansdell, who was born hard by, at Liverpool, in the Waterloo year, and in 1870 was made an Academician, having long been reckoned as next to Landseer among the animal-painters of the day. The other was an artist whose serious work was from first to last but little known, but who jumped into sudden fame with a book of nonsense-pictures drawn at Knowsley for the children of the house; and his name was Edward Lear.

Later, for the most part, even than the pictures of Lear and Ansdell are those brought together by the present Earl, whose favourites belong to the great school of modern water-colour painters. Throughout the newer rooms of the house, and in the suite which was the present Earl's while he was yet Lord Stanley, are hung these brilliant and beautiful things, exhilarating to the eye soothed by the contemplation of long lines of steadfast ancient Dutchmen. Lord Derby's taste in art is not to be disputed.

It is noticeable, indeed, how different rooms in this house, and different parts of the grounds, remind one of the tastes or the doings of Stanleys of the past and present. Just by the gardener's house, overlooking a quiet and picturesque little corner of the gardens, is a fine aviary, which recalls the fact that the grandfather of the present Earl owned the most magnificent zoological collection in England. High up in the park is a curious look-out tower, at the foot of which are the saddling-paddock and the end of the racecourse, where many days of spring and summer were passed by that Earl of Derby who gave his name to our national race. Hard by, a statue called the "White Man" looks down upon the lake from which local tradition says that he was dragged; and this lake was made, for the Earl of his day, by the famous landscape-gardener called "Capability" Brown—who, however, worked for so many Earls, Marquises, and Dukes that we can claim no special honour for the Stanley who had the good taste to employ him. The lake, however, shows that he could not have chosen a better man; as beautiful as nature—and at least as natural—are the winding woody shores of the long stretch of water, with its little eyot, and its grassy sloping background far away. Nor could we wish for a prettier boat-house than the chalet, with its sloping roof and the



A NEW PART OF THE HOUSE.

splendid carvings of dark oak which line the pleasant room within.

The Stanleys, as has perhaps been seen already, had this feature of interest, at least—that they were all different. Horse-racer, naturalist, statesman followed in their turn after the hero of Charles and the great supporters of the Henries. But they were a royal and a mighty race, as the briefest telling of their history will show.

Adam, one of the ancient Barons of Audeley, in Staffordshire, had two sons, Lydulph and Adam. From Lydulph, who lived in King Stephen's reign, descended the Barons Audeley, of whom the last died in 1391; from Adam came the Stanleys, who took their name from Stanleigh, or Stoneleigh, in Staffordshire, which was given by Lydulph to his brother's son, William—thereafter William Stanley.

The first eminent man of the family was perhaps Sir John, great-great-grandson of William Stanley, who may have been born in 1354, and certainly died in 1414. It is said that he commanded at Poictiers in 1357, under his relation James Lord Andley, but if he was only three years old at the time this is unlikely; nor is it probable that he won his wife—as was reported—by his prowess in the tournament at Winchester, which took place soon after Poictiers. But, at all events, he married Isabella, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas Lathom, and was Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1385, and Lord Lieutenant in 1399. Six years later came the first connection with the Isle of Man, which the family afterwards ruled so long: in 1405 Sir John Stanley and Roger Leke were commissioned to seize the island (as also the City of York and its liberties), on the forfeiture of Percy, Earl of Northumberland. Within a year of this, at the utmost, the King—Henry IV.—granted to Sir John the Isle of Man, at first for life, but afterwards in perpetuity.

Stanley received great gifts of Henry IV., but he fairly earned them. When the conspiracy of the Percies was discovered—the rebellion which the least historical of readers knows from Shakespeare—the King summoned Sir John from Ireland, and, greatly by his advice and help, raised an army, and fought and crushed the rebels near Shrewsbury. Henry had already, when he came to the throne, granted his faithful subject large estates in Cheshire; and the year after this battle—in which Sir John greatly distinguished himself—came the grant of the Isle of Man. This he and his heirs for centuries held—"of the said King, his heirs and successors, by homage,

was intimated that the King intended to honour him by a visit of a month to his castles at Knowsley and Lathom—whereupon he set about rebuilding his houses, adding to Knowsley its finest wing, to give his monarch a welcome of more than princely magnificence. Nor did he stop here—he also "purchased a road, from the crossways leading from Sankey and Winwick (now called Market-gate) to the river, through the field, now called Bridge-street; and, at the bottom thereof, erected a spacious stone bridge, and threw up a causeway across the marshes, to the rising ground on the Cheshire side, and kept the same in repair all his life, and his successors after him, to the time of William, Earl of Derby."

How all this magnanimity was regarded at the time may be judged from a curious legend still remembered in the family. It is said that Lord Derby led his guest to the edge of the roof at Lathom Castle, whence he might view the country, when the Earl's Fool said to his master, pointing downwards from the height on which they were standing, "Tom, remember Will." The King understood the hint, and, hastily drawing back, went down—not by the speedy way suggested by the Fool, who, it is said, was long angry with the master who would not avenge a brother's death.

It was a son of this Lord Derby who had the honour of furnishing exactly one half of one of the most universally known lines of English poetry.

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!

says Sir Walter Scott in his description of Flodden; and it was indeed a charge of Sir Edward Stanley's which won for the English a battle almost lost. In memory of this service, and of a hill taken by him in this battle, Sir Edward was created Lord Monteagle, or Monteagle, in the following year.

The first Earl of Derby died in 1504, having brought the great family of Stanley to the highest of its fortunes. Almost alone among the noble houses of England, it stood higher after the Wars of the Roses than before them; and it is noticeable that the monarchs of both of the rival lines almost equally heaped favours on the Stanleys. Richard II. and Henry IV., Henry VI. and Edward, Richard Crookback and Henry of Richmond—all were eager to attach to the Crown the powerful Lancashire lords; and they were worth winning, as the brilliant career of the first of the Earls of Derby well proved.

A servant yet nobler, true till death to an unworthy master, was the "Great Stanley," the seventh Earl, born just over a century after the death of his great ancestor. Of the five Earls who filled this hundred years—from 1504 to 1606—no long account is needful, though they were among the leaders of England in their days. The third Earl was in the Privy Councils of both Mary and Elizabeth, and was high in favour with both Queens, as with their predecessor, Edward, who conferred on him the Garter (which, says a biographer, has hardly been out of the family since). This Earl was famous even in that extravagant age, for his hospitality and lavish display: "with Edward, Earl of Derby's death," says Camden, "the glory of hospitality seemed to fall asleep."

The chief work of Henry, his successor, was the preparation of the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire, of which he was Lord Lieutenant, to resist the Spanish Armada. This was entrusted to him by Elizabeth; who also found him willing—to his discredit—to take an office far less worthy. He presided at the trial and condemnation to death of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, "for being reconciled to the Church of Rome."

Ferdinando, the next Earl, is said to have been killed by witchcraft; which was much the most remarkable fact in his life. "A homely woman, about fifty years old, was found mumbling in a corner of his Hon. chamber: but what, God knoweth. This wise woman, as they termed her, seemed often to ease his Hon. both of his vomiting and sickness. . . . But at the last when this woman was happlie espied by one of ye doctors tempering and blissing (after her ill favoured manner) the iuce of certayne herbes, her potte wher into she strayed the iuce, was tumbled downe by ye same doctor, and she ran out of the chamber."

Of the romantic adventures of William, sixth Earl, we are unhappily forbidden by the sceptical spirit of the age to credit the greater part, avouched though they are by many ballads of the time. The famous "Garland" which bears his name and effigy—in a rough woodcut, wherein he has on his head a gaily cocked hat, a staff under his arm, and one hand extended, perhaps pointing to a distant ship—gives at great length his wanderings and hardships during the "three seven years" for which (says the legend) he forsook his native land. He travels northward, and—

gathers Arctic ice,
And melts it in the Zone,

and goes to France, Spain, Barbary, and Russia—

Likewise to fair Jerusalem,
Where our blessed Saviour Christ did die.
He asked them if it was so.
They answered and told him, Aye.

When Sir William returned to England, the story goes, he had no easy task in proving that he was himself, and obtaining that which was his own. He seems even to have been obliged to buy out his three nieces, who had taken possession of the Isle of Man on his supposed death. However, when he really did die—in 1642—he had apparently regained all his property, which he left to his eldest son, James, the "Great Stanley."

This was, no doubt, a true hero; perhaps the most loyal servant that King Charles ever had, considering what was the constant reward of his loyalty—suspicion, insult, almost disgrace, so palpable that the enemy knew of it, and, assuming such treatment to be intolerable, wrote to him after the fashion of later opponents, "Come over and help us." To which he answered, with fine scorn, that "when they heard he had turned traitor, he would listen to their propositions."



A PEEP FROM THE BROAD WALK.

Lord Strange, as was then his title, had been one of the many moderate Royalists who took no share in public affairs (he even stayed away when Strafford was voted to death) until the crisis of 1642, when the King was driven to York. Then Lord Strange—at this time a man of thirty-six—raised troops and joined his Royal master; and, at a council of war held immediately on his arrival, strongly urged Lancashire as the most convenient and central place for the raising of the Royal standard. He promised to furnish three thousand foot and five hundred horse himself, making no doubt whatever "that in three days he should be able to enlist seven thousand more, to organise a force of ten thousand men in Lancashire," and, in fact, very quickly to bring together a considerable army, with which the King would be able to march to London before the Parliamentarians were ready to oppose him. Warrington was finally chosen as a good central point for the northern forces, and Lord Strange quickly got together his men—only to find that the King's mind had been poisoned against him, that he was deprived of his lieutenancy of Cheshire and North Wales, while in Lancashire Lord Rivers was joined in commission with him, and that the Royal standard was to be set up at Nottingham.

Lord Strange bore the insult nobly; and when, some months later, Charles had to write to him and ask his help, he showed no lessened zeal, and, though he could not now hope to raise such an army as he had promised before, quickly brought together three troops of horse and three regiments of foot, and in person led them to the King. He was desired to march against Manchester, which had been seized by the Parliamentary troops: at once invested the town and besieged it hotly: and was soon ordered to raise the siege and join the King, while the command of his troops was taken from him and given to another! Even Stanley's forbearance was tried by this treatment. "Sire," he said to Charles, "if I have deserved this indignity I have also deserved to be hanged; if not, my honour and quality command me to beg your justice against those persons who in this insolent manner have abused both your Majesty and myself; and if any man, living (your Majesty excepted) shall dare to fix the least accusation upon me that may tend to your disservice, I hope you will give me leave to pick the calumny from his lips with the point of my sword."

Charles made some shuffling apology, and the Earl of Derby (for he had now succeeded to the title) retired to his house of Lathom and fortified it against the Roundheads. More: he



THE BOAT-HOUSE.



ONE OF THE LODGES.

and the service of two falcons, payable on the days of their coronation"—and here, in their famed Peel Castle, the Stanleys ruled with little less than kingly power. Indeed, not only in Man but through a great part of Lancashire, the loyal toast ran thus inverted: "God save the Earl of Derby and the King." And for a century—till the days of Edward, second Earl of Derby—the Stanleys bore the actual title of Kings of their little island.

The next of the family—John, son of John—was no doubt an important person in his day, but one has lost interest in him now; nor need we record much of the history of his son and successor, Thomas, except that he was the first Lord Stanley, and also first of his line—but by no means last—to make a marriage which allied him to the Royal family. His wife was Joan, daughter of one Sir Robert Gonshill, and, through her mother, great-great-granddaughter of Edward I.

A second Thomas Stanley, son and heir of the first, was much more closely connected with the reigning King, who, moreover, had to thank him for his crown. Thomas's first wife was sister of the Earl of Warwick, the famous King-maker: his second was Margaret of Lancaster, Countess of Richmond, mother—by the first of her two previous husbands—of the "Richmond" of Shakespeare, afterwards King Henry VII. It may be taken that her marriage with Lord Stanley was not a love-match; at all events, before the wedding, she asked and obtained of her lord a "Licence of Chastity," and after it "led a life of mortification, and wore girdles and shifts of hair, even to the lacerating of her tender skin." She it was who founded St. John's College, Cambridge, still called Lady Margaret's; and she was one of the first to be buried in the beautiful chapel at Westminster, which bears the name of her son.

The popular story of the battle of Bosworth Field—at which Stanley with his troops left the vicious Richard for the virtuous Richmond, and after which either Lord Stanley or his brother Sir William placed the crown upon the victor's head—is not, it would seem, very far from the truth; but there is evidence that the holding of young George Stanley in pledge of his father's fidelity—with that father's fine answer to the tyrant's summons, "I have more sons, and cannot come"—is an invention of the popular fancy, with its unerring instinct for what should have been.

Two months after the battle, at the coronation of Henry VII., Lord Stanley was created Earl of Derby; and he seems to have remained high in favour all his life. Not so his brother William, who, in spite of his loyal service at Bosworth Field, was suspected of being concerned in the conspiracy of Perkin Warbeck, condemned, on the evidence of an accomplice, and beheaded. Sir William's past loyalty should, it is whispered, have saved him—but he was exceedingly rich, and Henry VII. liked money.

We are told that the Earl of Derby showed great magnanimity on this melancholy occasion; but it is not certain that this is the word which modern readers would choose to describe his conduct. Very soon after his brother's death, it



KNOWSLEY, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G.

strengthened the Royal cause throughout the county by a defeat which, sallying forth with his small troop of soldiers, he inflicted on a much larger body of the enemy. Then he joined Lord Molyneux, and in a very short time captured Lancaster and Preston, whose garrisons had long annoyed the county. They were marching on Manchester itself, when the King sent another of his unlucky messages to Lord Molyneux, ordering him to return with his troops—recruited from Lord Derby's little force—to Oxford. In spite of Lord Derby's earnest entreaty, this was done; and not only was Manchester held, but Wigan quickly taken, by the Parliament. The Earl once again established himself at Lathom; and again Charles sent him elsewhere, sorely against his will. This time it was to the Isle of Man, and thither he loyally went, quickly putting down the disaffection there, while his brave wife—Charlotte de la Tremouille—undertook the defence of their house.

Of the series of sieges of Lathom House a history of Knowsley cannot be expected to speak; and, indeed, this story of a woman's heroic defence of her home, against forces far superior, for more than two years, is too famous to need re-telling. Lathom was not taken till after the defeat of Marston Moor, when at length it fell, and was plundered and demolished.

Lord Derby's life during these years would seem to have been but a series of trials of his loyalty and courage, which proved past question that a man braver and truer never lived.

Though the Parliament, on being petitioned, restored one fifth of the Earl's estates (including the manor of Knowsley) for the maintenance of his children, these children were thrown into prison and barbarously treated, on the plea that their father still held the Isle of Man against the Parliament; and their freedom was made the price of his surrender. "Sir," he replied to Ireton, "I received your letter with indignation, and with scorn I return you this answer: that I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes from me, that I should, like you, prove traitorous to my sovereign. . . . I scorn your proffers. I disdain your favours, I abhor your treasons; and am so far from delivering this island to your advantage, that I will keep it to the utmost of my power to your destruction."

When Charles II. marched on Worcester he summoned Lord Derby to attend him; but, in an engagement on the way, Colonel Lilburn, with 1800 dragoons and a body of militia, attacked and utterly defeated the Earl's small force, at Wigan. Lord Derby received seven shots upon his breastplate, thirteen cuts on his beaver, and five or six slight wounds about the arms and shoulders; but as soon as he had had the wounds seen to he started in disguise, at two in the morning, for Worcester, and got there before the battle, through which, in spite of fatigue and wounds, he attended the King. But within a day or two after this final defeat, Lord Derby and Lord Lauderdale were captured by a Parliamentary regiment, to whom they yielded, and by whom quarter was granted them.

In spite of this, the Earl was thrown into prison, tried by court-martial, and condemned to die. His son, Lord Strange, rode post to London to present petitions for his reprieve; and Seacome, the biographer of the Stanleys, tells us that the House was about to vote for a reprieve, when Cromwell, who saw how things were going, went out with eight or nine others, and so reduced the number of members present to under forty. The House was counted out, and it was too late to save Lord Derby's life. "An indelible blot on Cromwell's character and memory," says a chronicler of Knowsley; and truly, if the facts be certain.

There is nothing in history finer or more touching than the story of the "Great Stanley's" death, and his farewell to his wife and the children he loved so tenderly. To his "Dear Heart" he wrote: "When there is no such as I in being, then look upon yourself and my poor children; then take comfort, and God will bless you." And he adds, with a noble pride and love of this brave woman: "I acknowledge the great goodness of God to have given me such a wife as you: so great an honour to my family; so excellent a companion to me; so pious, so much of all that can be said of good, I must confess it impossible to say enough thereof."

Within three days of death he wrote to his dear girl and boys with simple fondness and piety:

Dear Mall, my Ned, my Billy—I remember well how sad you were to part with me when I left the Isle for England; but now, I fear, you will be more sad to know that you can never see me more in this world. But I charge you all to strive against too great a sorrow; you are all of you of that temper that it would do you harm; and my desires and prayers to God are, that you may have a happy life; let it be as holy a life as you can, and as little sinful. . . . Obey your mother with cheerfulness, for you have great reason so to do, for, besides that of mother, she is your example, your nurse, your counsellor, your physician, your all under God; there was never nor ever can be more deserving person. I am called away, and fear this may be the last I shall write. The Lord my God bless you, and guard you, &c. So prays your father, that sorrows most at this time to part with Malekey, Neddy, and Billy. Remember—

DERBY.

The Earl had two other children, the Ladies Katherine and Amelia, who were at this time prisoners at Chester, and had not seen father or mother for more than eighteen months. A week before Lord Derby's death, the poor girls were allowed their liberty—for a week or two—on condition that they gave security, "themselves in £2000 and two sureties of £1000 each," that they would not do anything prejudicial to the Commonwealth! They spent nearly the whole of Monday, Oct. 13, with their father; and on the morrow, as he was on his way to Bolton (where he was beheaded), they saw him and parted from him for the last time. "When near Hoole Heath, about half a mile out of Chester, the singular cavalcade paused on the desolate and unenclosed moor, and the Earl, alighting from his horse, embraced, in the presence of all the people, his mourning children, and, kneeling down on the roadside, prayed with them, they 'weeping most of all that they should see his face no more.'"

On the scaffold, after he had spoken at length to the weeping people, he asked to see the axe, saying to the headsman, "Friend, I will not harm it, and I am sure it cannot harm me," and kissed it. He gave money—"two pieces, all that I have"—to the headsman, and gently forgave him when the man churlishly refused to kneel, as was the custom, and ask pardon of his victim. Turning to his coffin, he said, "Thou art my bridal-chamber. In thee I shall rest without a guard and sleep without soldiers." He bade the executioner strike when he should give the signal, but had to repeat it—saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"—before the man obeyed him, and struck off his head at one blow.

As Charles I. repaid a noble servant with constant suspicion and insult, and Cromwell assured the death of a gallant enemy by a trick, so a third ruler of England, Charles II., brought shame upon the name of King by the basest ingratitude to his memory. Both Houses of Parliament unanimously passed a Bill to restore to the house of Stanley the estates it had lost through loyalty to the Stuarts—for the family which thrice during the Wars of the Roses had come out of the Civil War wellnigh ruined—and it was only the King who refused his assent to this tardy reparation! Well might the tenth Earl of Derby, when years afterwards—in 1708—he repaired his shattered mansion of Knowsley, carve on a stone the bitter memorial of this Royal baseness!

The eighth, ninth, and tenth Earls—a son and two grand-

sons of the Great Stanley—were the last of the elder branch of the family who reigned at Knowsley. Neither William, the ninth Earl, nor James, the tenth, left a son to succeed him; and the earldom devolved upon Sir Edward Stanley of Bickerstaffe (direct descendant of the first Earl of Derby, through his eldest son, George Lord Strange, and Lord Strange's third son, James). The grandson of this eleventh Earl succeeded him in 1776, and since that time the son has regularly followed the father in succession to the earldom.

The last four Earls have all been memorable men, though it must be confessed that the name least likely to be forgotten, for many a year to come, is that of the first of them, who founded and christened the great festival of the sportsman's year—the Derby race. He was a great cock-fighter, too, this twelfth Earl, but, despite his tastes, a very honourable and generous man. His second wife was the famous actress Miss Elizabeth Farren, the first player of "fine gentlewomen" of her time, best remembered, perhaps, by her Lady Townly in "The Provoked Husband." The portrait at Knowsley shows her to have been a woman of singular beauty—tall, slender, with exquisite features, and a sweet and sunny smile. She was famed for the grace of her manner, and, though the satires of the time often made merry over her low birth, not a word was ever spoken against her reputation. She left the stage on her marriage, and bade farewell to the public, who loved her, "in a passion of tears."

The succeeding Earl, like several of his predecessors, had no great love for politics; but he was an ardent naturalist, the president for years of the Linnaean and Zoological Societies, and the collector of the finest assemblage of rare birds and beasts in the kingdom. It is said that his menagerie and aviary at Knowsley cost him more than £15,000 a year; he had agents in almost every country; and before his death he had formed the magnificent collection now in the Derby Museum at Liverpool, to which town he bequeathed it.

Of the two latest statesmen of the line of Stanley there is little need to speak. One—Edward Henry, fifteenth Earl—is still among us; and the fame of his father is yet fresh. Three times Prime Minister of England, a scholar and a poet—his translation of the Iliad is one of the closest and clearest that we have—he is yet best remembered as the greatest orator of his party, if not of his time: the greatest debater, said many of the best judges, that ever lived. It was Bulwer Lytton who gave him his famous title:—

The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
Frank, haughty, rash—the *Rupert of debate*.

The present Lord Derby has proved himself exactly his father's opposite as a statesman—as cautious as "Rupert" was dashing. He held several offices in Conservative Administrations; was Secretary of State for India in 1858-9, and Foreign Secretary from 1866 till 1868; but his nature always tended to a moderate Liberalism, and he at length returned to the old party of the Stanleys, and was Colonial Secretary under Mr. Gladstone from 1882 till 1885. Then came the great division in the Liberal Party, and Lord Derby declared for the Unionists, with whom he has since acted.

EDWARD ROSE.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

Nineteenth Century.—In answer to Sir John Pope Hennessy's depreciation of African enterprises, Mr. H. H. Johnston, now British Consul at Mozambique, who knows all our settlements in Africa, west, east, and south, produces an imposing array of commercial statistics proving their value to England. But he is willing to admit that the Gambia, which is surrounded by the French dominions, and is inconveniently situated, might be advantageously exchanged for the surrender of the ancient French privileges on the shores of Newfoundland. The personal character and abilities of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the new Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, previously known as the successful reorganiser of the Kimberley diamond mining operations, and latterly as the originator of the British South Africa Company, are described by Mr. Edward Dicey, who made his acquaintance at Capetown a few months ago. A Turkish lady named "Adalet," who writes very fair English, though she oddly calls the Moslem woman a "Mussulwoman," bears testimony, from her own experience, to the intolerable condition of wives in the harems of Constantinople, but regrets that their self-emancipation, by the recent change of ideas and manners, has too often been accompanied with unladylike impudence and want of modesty. She demands the abolition of polygamy and of domestic slavery, in the interest of her own sex. An old New Zealand colonist, Mr. R. H. Bakewell, of Auckland, in a supposed dialogue with a British "globe-trotter," bluntly asserts that the bulk of the population in our Australian colonies is now decidedly Republican, and is likely to prefer, on an emergency, complete political independence of the United Kingdom, rather than share the burthens and dangers of an Imperial war against one of the great foreign Powers. Mr. H. G. Hewlett does justice to a forgotten merit of our unfortunate King Charles I.—his fine taste and liberality as a collector of pictures. Mr. E. N. Buxton gives us an agreeable account of his tour and sporting adventures in the interior of Algeria, beyond the Atlas Mountains, on the borders of the Sahara Desert. Five good literary critics, including Mr. W. H. Lecky, the Rev. Dr. Jessopp, and Mr. W. S. Lilly, record their impressions of five new books. Dr. C. Theodore Ewart notices the phenomena of the suggestion of ideas, producing hallucinations and impulses to action, in the hypnotic state, which have been systematically tested by the French physicians at Nancy and at the Salpêtrière hospital in Paris. The improvements needful in the construction and arrangements of soldiers' barracks, for which an Act of Parliament has been passed this Session, are explained by Lieutenant-Colonel McHardy, R.E. Rabbinical Hebrew notions of hell, and the differences between "Sheol," "Gehinnom," "Tophet," and other names, indiscriminately confounded by most translators of the Bible, are discussed by Mr. James Mew, in a learned essay. Mrs. Francis Darwin contributes a wise, right-thinking, kindly article on the treatment and training of female household servants. Primitive notions of natural history, with some reference to the Book of Genesis, are examined by Mr. G. J. Romanes; and Mr. Robert Giffen expounds the American silver currency problem, which just now occupies the deliberations of Congress.

Contemporary Review.—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, formerly Prime Minister of Victoria, continues his narrative of the political struggle by which, in 1855, that colony obtained Parliamentary self-government, rather a surrender than a boon of the British Ministry. Mr. Holman Hunt explains his design of the characteristic work of religious art, "Christ Among the Doctors," executed in mosaic for the chancel of Clifton College Chapel. The plan and working of the "National Home Reading Union," organised by Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, approved by the directors of the University Teaching Extension system at Oxford two years ago, and formally inaugurated last year by the Conference at Blackpool, are described by Mr. J. Churton Collins, whose views of the beneficial effect of this institution are most encouraging. The Rev. R. E. Bartlett, in a tone of grave remonstrance, endeavours to assign limits to the vagaries

of ritual practised by a section of the clergy in the Established Church of England. A refreshing description of the Shetland Islands in the bird-nesting season, by Mr. T. Digby Pigott, blows away the oppressive cares of conventional society; but the reader is next called upon, by Mr. J. G. Fitch, to consider the progress of women in University education. Mr. Carmichael Thomas replies with some effect to Mr. Joseph Pennell's rather hasty and dictatorial strictures on the artists employed in illustrated journalism. On prehistoric races of mankind in Italy, long before the Latins, the Etruscans, or Pelasgian immigrants, Canon Isaac Taylor is able to discourse. The Rev. J. Page Hopps, from an abstract humanitarian point of view, discerns some ethical truth in the doctrines of Socialism, and even of Communism, and seems to think Nihilism may not be wholly fiendish. The organisation of unskilled labour is treated of by Dr. Spence Watson, of Newcastle; Professor William Knight defends, against Professor Sidgwick, of Cambridge, the system of instruction by lectures at the Universities. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, in an article entitled "Britain, Fin de Siècle," predicts serious national troubles and perils before the end of the nineteenth century—domestic anarchy, and defeat in a great war. Let us hope he is no true prophet.

Fortnightly Review.—It has been said that "indignatio facit versus"; but Mr. Swinburne's rage against Russia makes bad verses, and he can make them much better in a milder mood. Dr. J. Luys continues his valuable account of the latest discoveries in hypnotism, relating his own experimental observations at the Charité Hospital of Paris. The stronghold of Cretan insurrections, in the mountain region of Spakia, is described by Mr. J. D. Bourchier; while Dr. E. J. Dillon treats of the life and works of Adam Mickiewicz, the great modern poet of Poland, who died in 1855, and whose body was lately reinterred at Cracow. Mr. Austin Dobson fills six pages with a revival of the humorous narrative of Hogarth's journey to Gravesend, Rochester, and Sheerness. "Ethics and Politics," by Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, is partly a commentary on Mr. W. S. Lilly's recent book called "Right and Wrong." Labour disputes in America are discussed by Dr. W. H. S. Aubrey; and Mr. J. R. Diggle, late Chairman of the London School Board, surveys "the Educational Outlook." Mr. E. B. Lanin's description of the state of Armenia under Turkish sovereignty is by no means designed to recommend the substitution of Russian rule, but rather the creation of an independent Principality in the province of Van. The changes in modern warfare, examined by Colonel W. Knollys, the political prospects of the German Empire, and Miss Clementina Black's report of the strike among female chocolate-makers at the East End, may engage the reader's attention.

Universal Review.—The high artistic quality of the illustrations may be the principal merit of this periodical, but its literary contents are certainly improving, and it presents several articles of more than ordinary excellence. Mr. Laurence Housman's tale of "The Green Gaffer," with some weird drawings by his pencil, has much imaginative power: it is that of a strange mystic figure haunting the Bavarian forest, appearing to Sholto, a little Scotch boy, and revealing its identity with the ancient Nature-God, the Greek Pan, telling and showing wondrous things. Professor E. A. Freeman's treatise on the Federal Republican Constitution of Switzerland, and on the provision of the Referendum, by which legislative acts of fundamental importance are occasionally submitted to the direct approval or rejection of all the citizens, voting "ay" or "no," is an instructive political study. The Rev. Dr. F. G. Lee supplies an historical memoir of Abbot Feckenham, the last head of the monastic establishment of Westminster Abbey in the sixteenth century. A theatrical tour in the United States, across to San Francisco, with Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. Lawrence Barrett, is related by Mrs. Robins in a spirited style. Archdeacon Farrar contributes an essay on the religious art of the Lombard painter Luini, while Mrs. Crawford surveys the exhibitions of the rival Salons in Paris. The influence of music on the moral sentiments is discussed by Mr. H. Arthur Smith. Miss Alice Royston comments on one of the most characteristic writings of Heine. "The Wages of Sin," a tale by Lucas Malet, is continued with increasing narrative interest.

National Review.—"Our Rights and Prospects in Africa" are discussed again by Commander V. L. Cameron, R.N., the notable African traveller, who gives us a clear and correct outline of the geography and ethnology of the different regions of that Continent, showing that an ample field has been secured for British enterprise. There is an interesting description of political and social life in Holland. Mr. F. Legge exposes the greedy peculation and embezzlement of public funds by the Commonwealth rulers in Cromwell's time. Theatrical management in Shakespeare's day is an attractive subject well handled by Mr. W. Poel. Some notes on Heligoland, by Mr. Arthur Gaye, will be acceptable on the eve of its transfer to the German Empire. Mr. C. J. Pickering makes a further contribution to studies of Oriental literature by his account of the last poets of Bokhara.

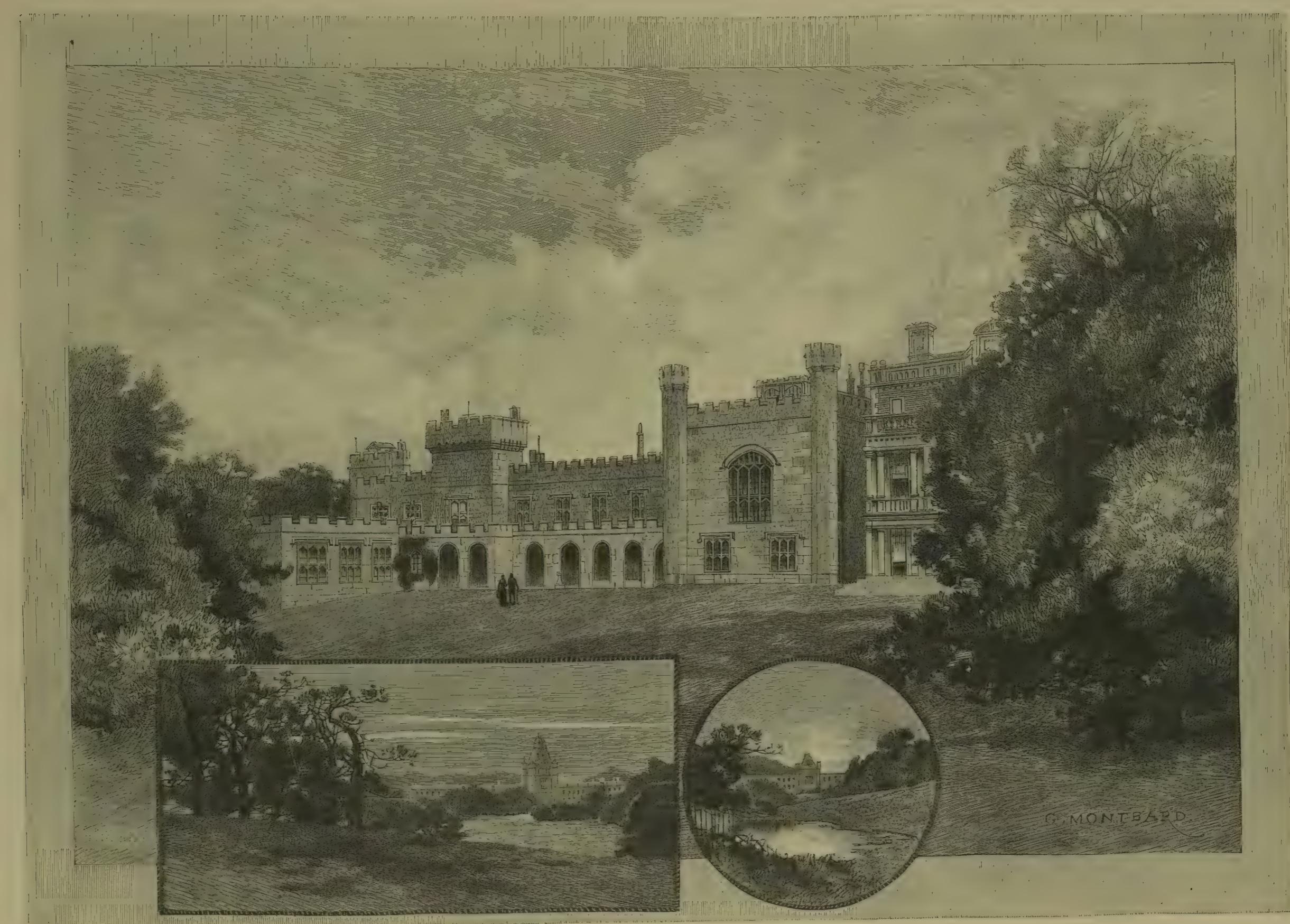
New Review.—We cannot complain of any deficiency of information and instructed opinions concerning Africa. Two able writers, possessing special knowledge, Mr. H. H. Johnston and Mr. R. C. Williams, late British agent in the Transvaal, leave us pretty well satisfied with the recent territorial arrangement. Mr. Edmund Gosse's narrative poem of two lovers meeting and parting in silence is marred by the inappropriate effect of rhymed couplets, and by the obscure statement of the story. A prose poem, by Mr. Frederick Greenwood, in which two opposed mystic personifications—that of Religion, standing on a rural church tower, and that of industrial Materialism, perched on the top of a factory chimney—mutually accuse and defy each other, as rivals for human favour, is rather grotesque.

Asiatic Quarterly Review.—This learned and instructive repertory of Oriental history and antiquities, and of Indian, Central Asian, Chinese, and Mohammedan current politics, has passed into the hands of a new proprietor, who will make it both attractive and useful to various classes of readers. The present publication contains good articles on the prospects of administrative reform and development of economic resources in Persia; on the ancient Shan kingdom of Pong, adjacent to Burmah; on the deplorable condition of Morocco; and on the spread of the English language in India, besides other topics inviting thoughtful study.

A great variety of entertaining or edifying articles, with a due quantity of tolerably good fiction, will be found in the regular monthly miscellanies, led by *Blackwood's*, *Macmillan's*, *Murray's*, and *Longman's Magazines*; the *Cornhill*, the *English Illustrated*, the *Gentleman's*, *Temple Bar*, *Woman's World*, and the American illustrated magazines, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the *Century*, are commendable, as usual; and many others, which we have often enumerated, keep their hold on popular favour.

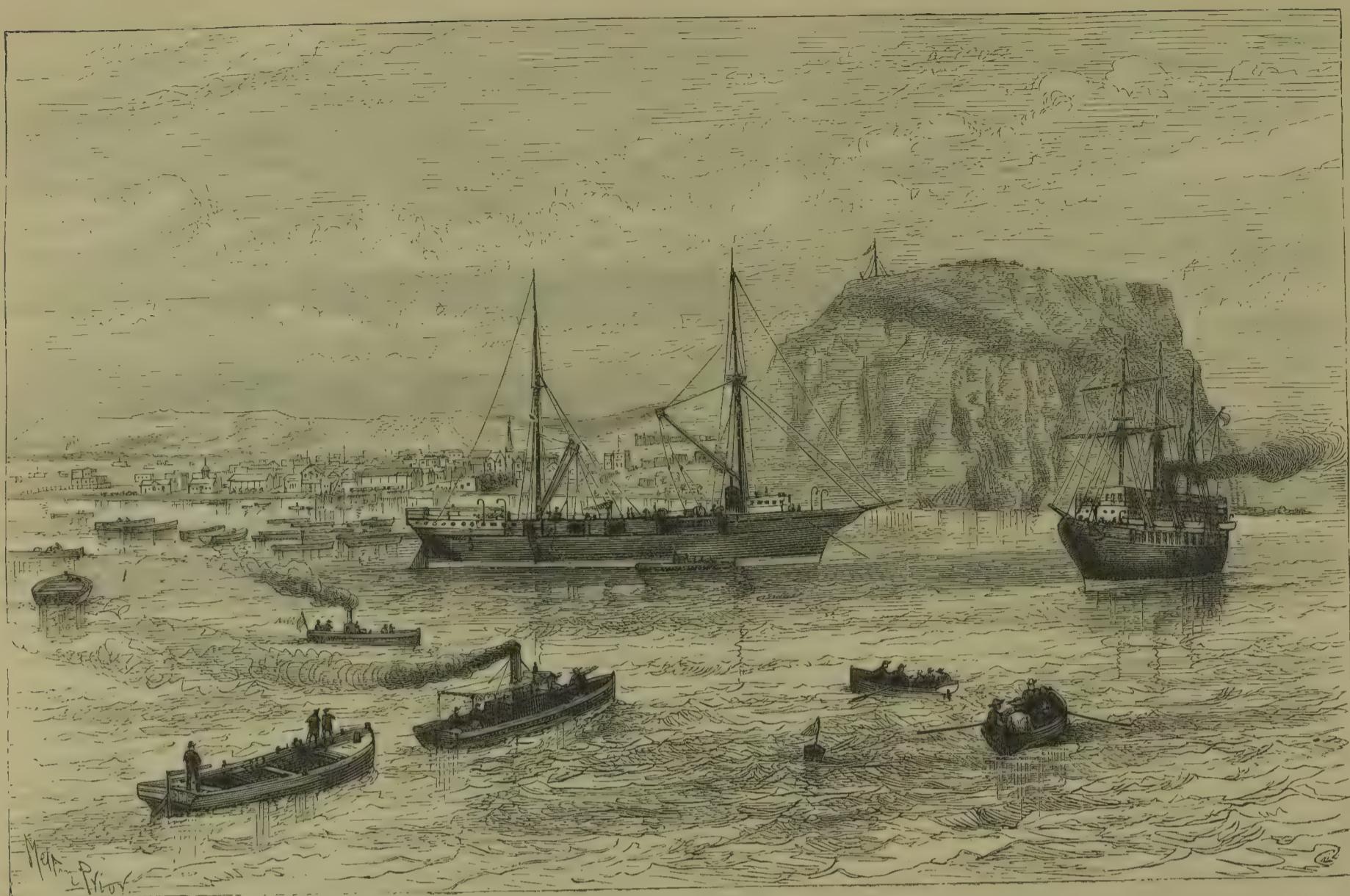
ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XXV. KNOWSLEY.

THE OLD PART OF THE HOUSE.



VIEW FROM THE UPPER PART OF THE GROUNDS.

A DISTANT PEEP.

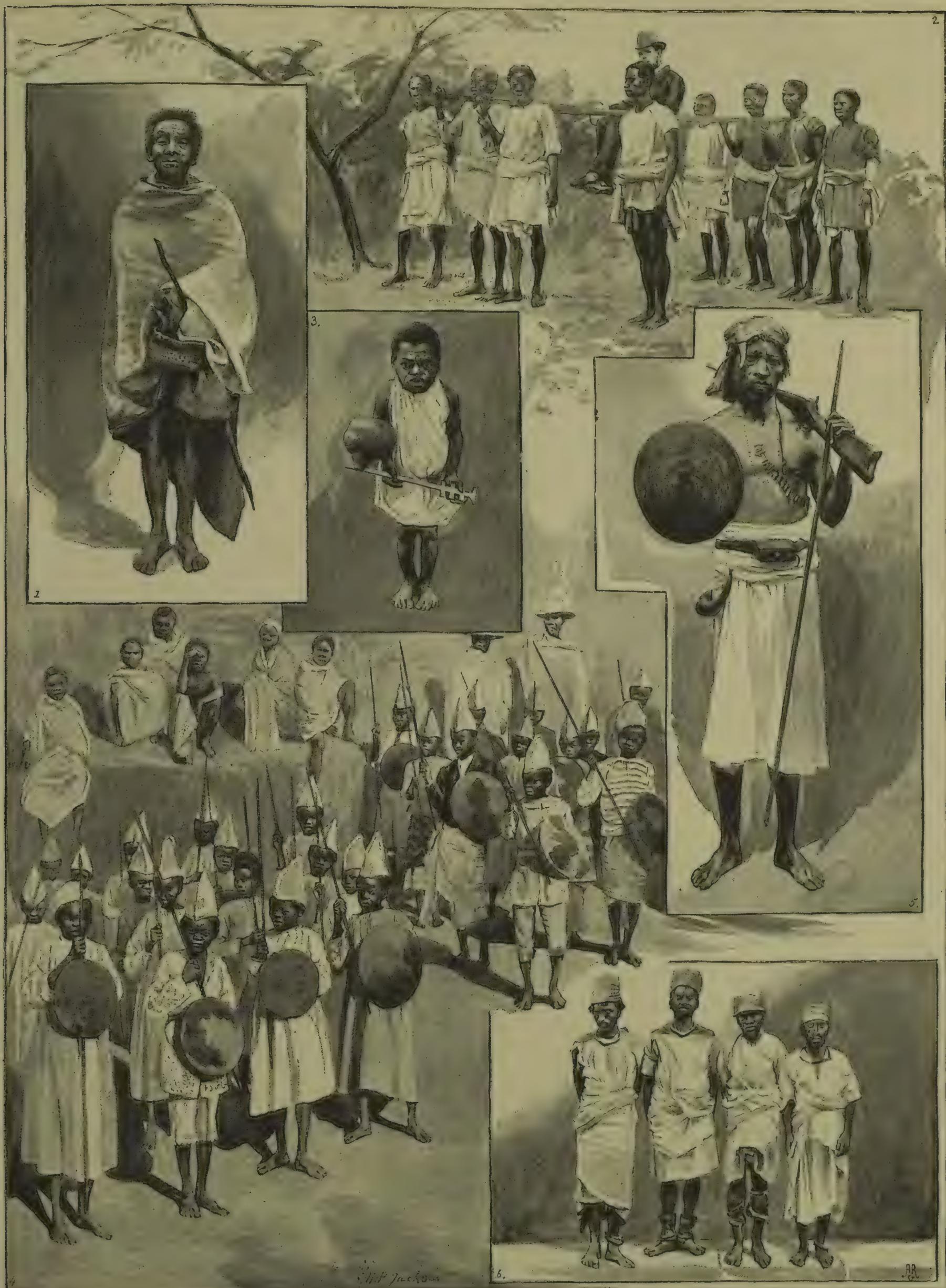


PORT OF ARICA.



STREET SCENE IN VALPARAISO.

SKETCHES IN CHILE, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



1. A Malagasy Beggar.
2. Travelling in Madagascar.

3. A Native "Tom Thumb."
4. Review of Military Cadets, Antananarivo.

5. A Sakalava Warrior.
6. Convict Prisoners.

SKETCHES IN MADAGASCAR.

SKETCHES IN CHILE.

While other Spanish American Republics, both in the Isthmus and on the River Plate, are still afflicted with revolutions and civil wars, it is agreeable to contemplate the comparative stability and solid prosperity of Chile, due perhaps to the predominance of descendants of the old Castilian breed. Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, who visited the country some time ago, made numerous Sketches, two of which have remained till now for publication. One is that of a street scene in the great commercial city of Valparaiso, the Liverpool of Chile, which possesses all the European conveniences of modern civilised town life, including tramways and cars, as the reader will see, and which is connected by railway, at a distance of ninety miles, with Santiago, the capital of Chile. The seaport town of Arica, taken by Chile from Peru in the last great war between those rival States, is situated far to the north, and is a place of considerable trade. It suffered much from an earthquake some twenty years ago.

SKETCHES IN MADAGASCAR.

The Great African Island, as Madagascar has sometimes been called—though it scarcely belongs to Africa—is only partially civilised. It is important that this should be remembered by foreigners in the present days of gold discoveries, forest concessions, and similar enticements. The island has its attractions, but is no Eldorado. Money is to be made there, but not rapidly; as a rule, progress is decidedly slow. Life in Madagascar is very different from life in a country under European control; the native methods and plans are vastly different from ours. The Hovas—the light-complexioned race inhabiting the central hilly plateau called Imerina—are a people who have, by their intelligence and superiority, made themselves masters of four fifths of the island. But even these enterprising natives, whose social, moral, and educational advance has been most striking, still fall short of what we should call a civilised community. Hova customs are a strange mixture of ancient barbarism and modern innovations from the outside world.

In confirmation of these remarks, we may point to the accompanying Sketches, which are true to the life. The Sakalava warrior is a typical specimen of the dark-skinned tribes of Madagascar. These tribes are very numerous, and people the entire west coast region and large sections of the interior. They are separated from one another by forests, mountain ranges, extensive plains, rivers, and other natural boundaries, but are constantly engaged in petty international fighting. A Sakalava able-bodied man would never think of venturing out of his own village unless fully armed, as here shown, with an old flint-lock over the shoulder, one or more spears in the hand, a shield, a powder-flask, and last, but by no means least, strings of beads and charms around the neck or tied around the wrist. The charms are most essential, and are supposed to render the wearer invulnerable. The Sakalavas are slaves to superstitious fears, and regard one another with great suspicion. If Hova stories about them are to be believed, they are so full of mistrust that they dare not wash both sides of their face at one time, lest some foe should take them unawares. First one half of the face is rubbed, and then the other, a method that admits of watchful observation by the eye left free. Of course, this is a story told in derision, and must be taken *cum grano salis*; but that they are completely victimised by ignorant belief in fetishes is quite notorious.

The group of lads going through their spear and shield drill recalls the Franco-Malagasy war of 1883 to 1885. Hova troops are armed with rifles, and some of their crack regiments are fairly well drilled, and make a good show on the parade-ground. But during the struggle against France the policy of the Hova Government was to enlist the sympathies of the outlying tribes, and to secure their aid as auxiliary forces. In this they were successful; but about a thousand of the Hova boys were also trained to use the spear, and the military movement survives to the present day. The uniform of these boy-soldiers is partly borrowed from the coast tribes, partly the dress of the Hovas, the pointed straw cap being characteristic of the former, the knickerbockers of the latter.

Travelling in Madagascar is primitive. In the neighbourhood of Antananarivo, the capital, horses are used by a few, but even there the palanquin, "filanjana," is the ordinary mode of conveyance. For longer distances, as from the coast to the interior, either one must travel on foot, or the "filanjana" must be employed. Eight bearers are the full complement, four carrying at one time, while the other four run or walk close beside them, and in their turn, cleverly seizing the poles, slip them on to their own shoulders, when a few minutes have passed, keeping on the trot the whole time. They are a good-tempered set of fellows, will do their twenty-four or thirty miles a day, in two stages, with ease, and can maintain their pace for a week or ten days at a stretch. For extra pay, they will push on, over steep hills, through rivers, and along rough pathways, a distance of even fifty miles in a day. A lady's palanquin is a long, shallow basket; but a gentleman's consists of two light wooden poles, fixed together by iron bars, and provided with a leather seat, a padded iron frame for the back to rest against, and with a piece of wood hanging from the poles as a foot-rest. Most foreign residents become exceedingly fond of this mode of travelling.

Our space will not allow detailed description of the remaining Sketches. Beggars like the one depicted are very common. Patiently they wait for a handful of rice, a small piece of beef, a pinch of salt, or any such gift from the passer-by. Most of all do they appreciate a little money. Formerly, the "gadra-lava," or convicts, were treated with great barbarity. They were loaded with chains—hence their name, which means "long chains." It was no rare sight for a criminal to have from twenty to thirty pounds' weight of iron upon him. But Christian civilisation is modifying all such things, and the convict of to-day has an easy time of it compared with his predecessors a dozen years ago. One of the figures represents a diminutive native, who might pass for the Malagasy "Tom Thumb." In his hands is a native guitar, made of a frame fastened to a dried gourd, with strings attached. From this instrument a few more or less musical notes are obtained, which, though wearing some enough to a trained ear, are greatly relished by the Malagasy people.

Our Illustrations are from photographs taken by Mr. Abraham Kingdon; and the Rev. George Cousins, of the London Missionary Society, has furnished explanatory notes.

It is stated that Mr. Rolls, of The Hendre, has promised £5000 towards the restoration of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, the memorial-stone of which was recently laid by the Prince of Wales.

The last Speech Day to be held at Christ's Hospital under the old régime took place on July 30, and attracted a large gathering of visitors to the Great Hall of the ancient institution in Newgate-street. The Lord Mayor, who attended in state, presided.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

C. J. A. (Hornsey).—We cannot venture to decide between such authorities; but Steinitz may usually be followed with safety.

R. R. (York-road).—The point is a novel one to us, but we have no doubt A is entitled to a call for a Queen, unless he expressly limited his choice before commencing.

R. T. (Brachan Brne, Limerick).—If solving chess problems be one of the penalties of "another place," we know many who, like the Icelanders, would think it not so unattractive as it is sometimes painted.

F. HUTTLINGER (West Norwood).—Your problem is very good, with the exception of the first move. If you could get rid of the inartistic capture, it would do for publication.

J. W. PYBBS.—We cannot make out your solution. It does not agree with the diagram.

Mrs. BAIRD.—Your last problem is a very clever composition, and shall have early insertion.

W. BIDDLE.—We are sorry we have mislaid the position.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2400 received from T. M. S. (Chingluput) and A. W. (Natal) of No. 2413 from Jacob Benjamin (Bombay) and W. Barret, and Lieut-Colonel Lorraine of No. 2414 from G. Boys, B. D. Knox, Lieut-Colonel Lorraine, and W. Barrett; of No. 2415 from R. Tidmarsh (Limerick), P. C. (Shrewsbury), Lieut-Colonel Lorraine, Tortesesse Delta, W. Vincent, W. Waterfield, Rev. W. G. H. J. Hope, J. Yeo (Edinburgh), John G. Grant, W. Barrett, A. W. Hamilton, G. W. David, Captain J. A. Challice, Frederic S. Bishop, and Alpha.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2414. By J. RAYNER.

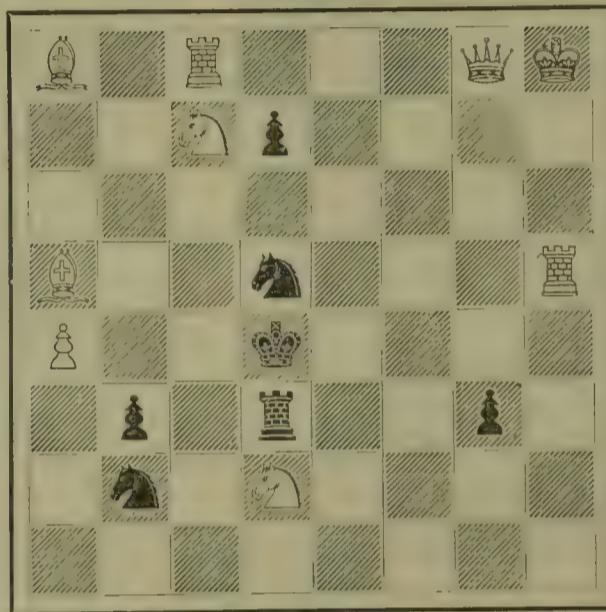
WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Kt 4th	B to Kt 2nd
2. Q to Kt 4th	Any move.
3. Mates	

If Black play 1. B to B 3rd, 2. R takes P (ch); if 1. K to K 5th, 2. Kt to B 6th (ch); if 1. P to K 5th, 2. R to Kt 5th (ch); and if 1. P to B 6th, then 2. Kt to K 3rd, &c.

PROBLEM NO. 2418.

By MAX FEIGL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played between DELTA and the Rev. A. GORDON.

(Bishops Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Delta).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. B to B 4th	Q to R 5th (ch)
4. K to B sq	P to K Kt 4th
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd
6. P to Kt K 3rd	P takes P
7. K to Kt 2nd	

Mr. Fraser's attack by 7. Q to B 3rd, P to Kt 7th (ch); 8. Kt takes P, Kt to K R 3rd; 9. Kt to Q 5th, K to Q sq; 10. P to Q 4th, &c., is much stronger and better.

7. Q to R 3rd

This is premature. The Pawn should have been taken first.

8. P to Kt 5th

9. Kt to Kt sq

10. Kt to Q 5th

11. P to Q 3rd

12. Kt to B 4th

13. P takes P

14. Kt to R 5th

15. Kt to K 2nd

We see no necessity for this. Black should bring out his Queen's pieces. Why not Kt to Q 3rd, with the object of playing it to Q 5th and B 6th?

16. Kt to B 4th

17. Kt takes B

18. B to Q 2nd

19. B to B 3rd

20. B takes Kt

21. Kt to Q 5th

22. Kt takes P

23. Kt takes P

24. P to Q 2nd

25. P takes P

26. Kt to B 2nd

27. Kt takes P

Well played! If the Kt be taken, White must win back the piece at least.

27. B to K 5th (ch)

28. P takes B

29. K to Kt sq

30. R to B 7th (ch)

31. P to B 3rd, and Black resigns.

CHESS IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Game played at Ware between Mr. X and Mr. F. N. BRAUND.

(Bishops Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. X.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th
4. B takes P	Q to R 5th (ch)
5. K to B sq	P to Kt 4th
6. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 2nd
7. B to Q 2nd	

A novelty which does not seem commendable.

7. Kt to K 2nd

Obviously the P cannot be captured.

8. B to B 4th

Q Kt to B 3rd

9. B to K sq

Seriously compromising his position. White's best continuation appears to be P to B 3rd, followed by Kt to Q 3rd.

9. B to Kt 5th

10. Kt to K 2nd

11. P to Q 3rd

12. Kt to Q R 3rd

13. Kt takes B

14. R to B sq

15. K to B 2nd

B takes P

16. K takes B

17. P to K 3rd

18. K to K 2nd

19. Kt to B sq

20. Kt to B 3rd

21. R takes Kt

22. R takes P

23. K to Q sq

24. K to K sq

25. Kt to Q 2nd

R takes Kt

26. R takes Kt (ch)

K to K 6th (ch)

27. P to K 6th (ch)

And White resigns.

We omitted to state last week that the game played by Mr. Macauley was one of five simultaneous blindfold games. This, of course, greatly extenuates the fact of his defeat.

The programme of the International Chess Congress to be held at Manchester is now issued. There will be two contests, the masters' tournament and a minor competition, both of which are open to the world. In the first, however, the entries are limited to players of a certain standing, the other can be engaged in by anybody. We understand nearly all the experts are expected to take part in the play, and the meeting promises to be the most important in this country since 1883. The rules are sensibly clear, and very properly provide that the duration shall not extend over fourteen days. Play will commence on Aug. 25, each competitor to meet every other once. Entries are to be made before Aug. 22.

The first half of the match between Blackburne and Lee was completed at Bradford last week. The advantage so far rests with the older player, the score being Blackburne 3, Lee 1, drawn 5. The Divan will be the scene of further play, and, as draws now count in the scoring, the contest may possess more interest than it has done hitherto.

A club for chess and whist is being formed under distinguished patronage in the West Central district of London. Gentlemen desiring to join are requested to address—91, Guilford-street, W.C.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

METEORS AND METEORITES.

August 10 is the date which astronomers fix as that whereon the August display of meteor-showers is accustomed to take place. There is another display of these celestial visitants chronicled as a staple event in the history of our globe, but this later visitation does not take place until Nov. 11. The spectacle of "shooting stars" and "falling stars" is one which, I take it, cannot be regarded by any ordinary mind without feelings of deep curiosity being aroused. For one thing, it is pretty certain that a proper study of meteors and meteorites forms, in its way, a by no means inappropriate introduction to astronomy at large. It is not only that a meteor is a representative of the early stages of things in the evolution of worlds, but its history also teaches us certain very plain truths about the unity and composition of the orbs which people the limited field of space our telescopes can discern. The spectacle of a flashing meteor shooting athwart the sky suggests the plain inquiry "Whence has it come?" And the open page of astronomy replies that it is really a part and parcel of the solar system; an erratic member, as it were, of the starry host. But meteors are not rare things in the history of worlds. On the contrary, they are daily visitors in that radius of sense and vision which is ever before the watchful eye of science. The flashing visitant is a member of a host which is whirling about in space, hurrying onwards towards extinction, but sometimes, as we shall see, leaving very

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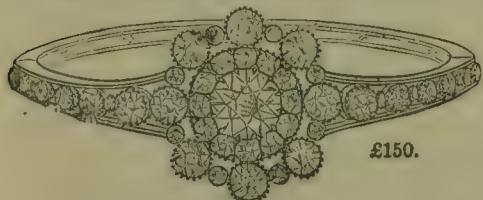
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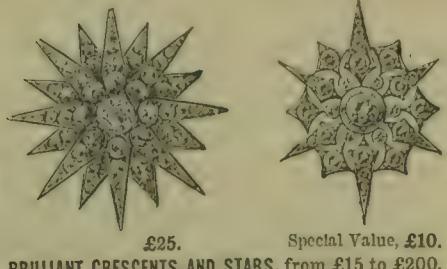
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SOME WORDS ABOUT PROSE.

Hazlitt, a brilliant critic, but not always a wise one, rarely made a greater blunder than when he said that "the prose style of poets is never the better and generally the worse from the habit of writing verse."

The assertion may be readily contradicted by a number of illustrations, which will be familiar to every student of literature. Cowley, a fine poet spoilt by conceits, is an excellent writer of prose, as every reader knows who is familiar with his "Essays." His style, as Mr. Gosse justly observes, "has a grace and a sweet enthusiasm unusual in writing of the Restoration period." Dryden on his own ground, which is not the loftiest, is a splendid poet, and he is one of the great masters of English prose; Addison was a respectable verseman, but his style as an essayist is worthy of the praise awarded to it by Dr. Johnson. Goldsmith, always charming in rhyme, is equally charming in the "Vicar of Wakefield"; Cowper, a true poet, wrote letters that for ease and humour, and felicity of expression, have never been surpassed; Byron, also, is an admirable letter-writer; Wordsworth did not write much prose, but what he did write—witness "The Convention of Cintra"—is of a noble order. Southey, a much smaller poet, is not only one of the best of letter-writers, but his prose style, generally, is a model of simplicity and strength. Wholly without artifice or strain, it does all that style ought to do, and, while satisfying the ear, never attracts attention apart from the subject-matter. Can it be said, too, that verse-making has injured the prose style of Shelley, of Landor, and of Lamb, or, to mention two living men, of Mr. Lowell and Cardinal Newman?

I need not prove the fallacy of Hazlitt's opinion by citing foreign authors, but every reader will remember that Voltaire and Goethe are both consummate masters of prose.

Is it surprising that this should be the case? The practice of verse-making gives facility in the use of language, a sensitive ear for harmony, and fastidiousness (if the word may be used in a good sense) in the choice of words. What is called poetical prose is often a very bad thing indeed—if the reader wishes for a specimen of it, let him read Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs"—but the prose of poets shows, although in a lesser degree than poetry, the capabilities of the language.

Harmony and rhythmical progression give dignity to prose as well as to poetry; but it is curious that musical composers, who have so fine an ear for sound, have never used that ear to advantage in literary composition. It is also strange to observe how rarely great orators have written what is worthy the reading. Chatham and Pitt, Whitefield and Wilberforce, Fox and O'Connell have left nothing behind them which lives as literature; and if Burke is a great author, possibly the greatest of his century, it is because the speeches we read with delight and profit were too profound in political wisdom to affect the members of the House of Commons. Goldsmith, in his witty poem "Retaliation," has hit off to a nicely the defects of an orator who—

Too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining.

The oratory of the pulpit is generally ineffective also when preserved in print. One of the most eloquent and persuasive preachers of modern days was Sortain, of Brighton, whom Macaulay greatly admired: but his printed sermons are second-rate, and his literary productions—for he wrote books, and even tried his hand at a novel—are now dead as a door-

nail. On the other hand, F. D. Robertson, of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, Sortain's contemporary, powerful though he was in the pulpit, has had, I believe, a far wider influence, which is mainly due to the three or four volumes of his printed sermons, which are weighty with thought and with the suggestiveness of an intellect as acute as it was comprehensive. Dr. Chalmers wrote books too—are not thirty volumes of his works to be purchased at the bookstalls for as many shillings?—but his large intellect and larger heart found freer utterance in the pulpit and in practical life than in the field of literature. And the same remark holds good with regard to his friend and comrade Edward Irving. If there is an exception to this rule—and I am not sure he is an exception—it is the once-famous Baptist minister Robert Hall. His oratory was of the most cultivated order. He was a man of learning, of large views and of fine taste, and was wholly free from rhetorical artifices. The most distinguished men of the day listened to him with admiration; and some of his most finished discourses may still be read, and ought to be read. When Napoleon Bonaparte projected the invasion of England in 1803, Hall preached a sermon which contains in its last ten pages a piece of oratory that will thrill the reader even now, and must have produced an extraordinary effect in that hour of peril. It is, indeed, a masterpiece, and may vie with the finest specimens of oratory known in literature. But Hall, with all his power of pen, as well as speech, cannot be said to have a distinguished place in literature. He does not rank with the classics which are read, and it must be added that he wrote much that is unreadable beyond the narrow limits of his own community.

It is a common complaint that, owing to the newspaper press and to novels—which in England appear at the rate of about three a day—the language is deteriorating. Certainly purists will find much to shock them in certain tales and journals, and even writers who have earned a reputation are often too hasty to be accurate; but, with all their faults of style, the authors and journalists of our time, who write for bread and not for fame, are greatly more accurate in the use of words, and more careful in the construction of sentences, than their brethren of the last century. At that time, not only authors of a low class were singularly indifferent to charm or correctness of style, but writers of the highest merit treated the tongue of Shakespeare with irreverence. Sir Richard Steele, for example, the "sprightly father of the English essay," was sometimes as careless of style as the poorest Grub-street hack. If there be a journalist living who could write such a slovenly sentence as the following, taken from Steele's "Spinster," I am sure there is no journal that would print it: "No one will make and provide at home what will hinder a family from doing what would purchase a great deal more than what would buy the same thing from abroad; and, on the contrary, no one will go abroad for what they can have for less cost and labour at home."

If the rank and file of modern journalists and authors are far superior to the same class in the last century, our literary leaders, in their use of prose, show, generally, more flexibility and harmony, more strength and simplicity, than the men of letters who held the same high position in the century which may be roughly said to open with Addison and to end with Cowper. The English language has its perils. It may be corrupted by Americanisms and enfeebled by slang; but the best literature of the time is sufficiently strong to preserve its purity, and there is no cause for despondency in an age that has among its living authors men like Kinglake and Froude, like Ruskin and Newman.

MUSIC.

The full details already given of Mr. Augustus Harris's past season of the Royal Italian Opera leave little now to be said. The final performance on July 28—an extra night—consisted (as we previously announced) of Bizet's "Carmen" (in French), with an exceptionally strong cast. Those admirable artists M. J. de Reszké and M. Lassalle appeared, respectively, as Don José and Escamillo, each for the first time, and each gave such an admirable performance of the character assigned to him that its repetition will be eagerly looked for on future occasions. The part of Michaela, for which Madame Melba had been announced, was, in consequence of her indisposition, suddenly transferred to Mdlle. Pinkert, who acquitted herself very successfully; the Carmen of Mdlle. De Lussan having been as excellent as on previous occasions. The rendering of the opera was an exceptionally fine one. Signor Mancinelli, Signor Bevignani, and Mr. Randegger officiated alternately as conductors. A few days before the close of the season the artists of the Royal Italian Opera presented Mr. Augustus Harris with a handsome gold watch—bearing his initials in diamonds—on his recent election as Sheriff of London.

The close of the season of the Royal Italian Opera, and the previous subsidence of important serial concerts, leave a blank in London music, which, however, is speedily filled up by the customary appropriation of Covent-Garden Theatre to the Promenade Concerts which Mr. W. Freeman Thomas has so successfully provided during several past seasons. The new series of these concerts begins on Saturday evening, Aug. 9. These nightly performances will provide ample entertainment, both of a classical and a popular nature, for the large number of Londoners who do not join in the exodus that usually follows the close of what is known as "the season," and for the enjoyment of the provincial visitors who take their holiday here when so many inhabitants of the capital are leaving it. Of the opening promenade concert, and of the general arrangements, we must speak hereafter.

Following soon after the institution of the London Promenade Concerts, the provincial festivals will begin, the earliest being that of the three cathedral choirs, held, this year, at Worcester; beginning on Sept. 7 with an inaugural service in the cathedral, and terminating on Friday, Sept. 12.

Miscellaneous concerts and recitals have now, it is to be hoped, ceased, or nearly so. One of the latest announced was the morning concert of Madame Isidora Martinez.

The guarantee fund for the British Association meeting at Leeds, in September, has reached the sum of £6500, which is £1500 above the intended amount. Five hundred members of the Association have signified their intention to be present at the meeting.

A handsome new building has taken the place of the little old French Hospital in Leicester-place. The new hospital occupies a fine site in Shaftesbury-avenue, and has bed accommodation for sixty patients. It is served by the "Servants of the Sacred Heart," whose chief establishment in London is at Homerton.

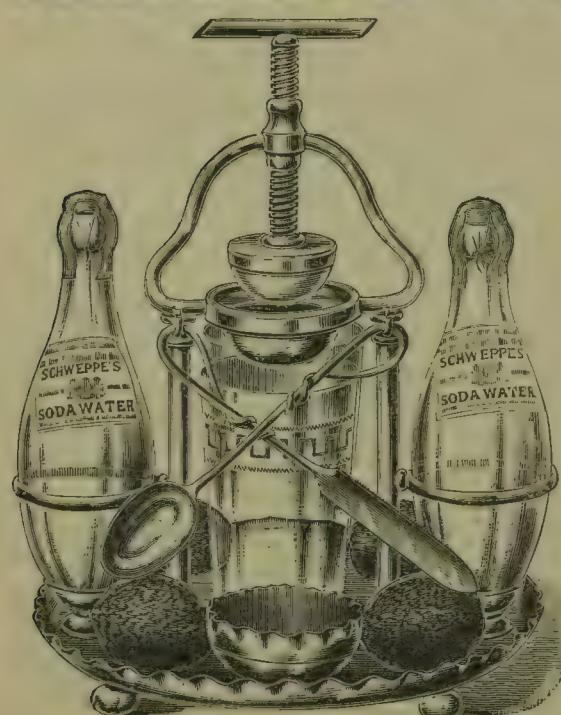
Brilliant weather favoured the opening of the Leicester and Mid-England Agricultural Show at Leicester, and there was a large and distinguished attendance. The exhibition, especially as regards hunters and Shire horses, proved by far the best ever held. Shorthorn cattle were a good display, the young stock being much above the average.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1883), with a codicil (dated June 8, 1887), of Mr. Thomas Andrew Walker, late of 15, Great George-street, Westminster, railway contractor, who died on Nov. 25 last, at Mount Ballan, near Chepstow, Monmouthshire, has recently been proved by Thomas James Reeves, Louis Philip Nott, and Charles Hay Walker, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £982,000. The testator gives £500 to his executor, Mr. Reeves, and £2000 and the lease of the house in which he was residing at the date of his will, with the fixtures, garden plants and implements, jewellery, furniture, plate, pictures, and effects, to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of one moiety to his wife, for life, and, subject thereto, for his four daughters, Mary Elizabeth, Fanny, Ann Ellen, and Alice Maude, in equal shares. The shares of the daughters are to be held, upon proper trusts, to pay the income to them for their respective lives, with power to appoint a part of the income at their deaths to their husbands, and then for their children or remoter issue, as they shall respectively appoint.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1890) of Mr. Joshua Milne Heap, late of Liverpool, and of Outwood, Birkenhead, who died on May 19, was proved on July 4 by Richard Rankin Heap, the brother, Joseph Heap, the son, and William Arthur Weightman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £332,000. The testator gives his shares in the Rangoon Land Company, his share and interest in the goodwill and property, real and personal, of Messrs. J. Heap and Sons, merchants, sugar-refiners, and rice-millers, his share in certain freehold mills, &c., at Rangoon, his share in any property held jointly or in common with his brother, Mr. R. R. Heap, and his residence Outwood, with the furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, wines, effects, horses and carriages, to his son, Joseph; stocks, funds, securities, and investments to produce £4500 per annum equally to his daughters, the children of any deceased daughter to take their mother's share; and two or three other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son; to his daughters, Annie Frances, Gertrude, Emily Constance, Beatrice, Lilian, Margaret Tweedale, and Ethel Maude, and to the children of any deceased child, who are to take the share their parent would have taken if living.

The will (dated March 7, 1887), with a codicil (dated Dec. 7, 1889), of Mrs. Elizabeth Atcherley Symes, late of Gorphysfa, Bangor, who died on June 7, was proved on July 24 by the Rev. Owen Evans, William Pughe, and Aaron Hilary Symes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £155,000. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 to her stepson, Mr. A. H. Symes, and £2000 each to his two daughters, Leslie Katherine and Elizabeth Atcherley; £3000 to Frances Parris; £5000 to her companion, Alice Eliza Parris, besides other gifts to the last named and to her stepson; and many other legacies to nieces, nephew, godchildren, servants, and others. She also bequeaths her engravings and prints, not otherwise labelled, to be placed in the Arabella Holt Ward of the Chelsea Hospital for Women, Fulham-road; £20 for the benefit of the poor of the parish of St. Michael, Gloucester, and a like sum for the benefit of the poor of the parish of St. Matthew, Twizworth; £1000 to the Royal

National Life-Boat Institution; £5000 to the Charity for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen of the Diocese of Bangor; £5000 to the charity established in connection with the distributions annually made by the stewards of the three choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, for the relief of the widows and orphans of clergymen of the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol; £2100 to the Royal Grammar School, Shrewsbury, to found two scholarships of equal value, to be called the Atcherley Scholarships, one for natives of Shropshire, and the other for natives of North Wales, for boys under fifteen, and preferably for those intending to take holy orders; such sum to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners as will make up the income of Dean Edwards's Memorial Church, Glanadda, Bangor, to £300 per annum; and the residue of her pure personality equally between the Gloucester Infirmary, the Carnarvon and Anglesey Infirmary, the Children's Hospital at Kingsholm, Gloucestershire, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, Sackville-street, the Poor Clergy Corporation, the Clergy Orphan Corporation, the British Benevolent Institution for the Relief of Gentlewomen in Reduced Circumstances, and Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The proceeds of the sale of her real estate and impure personality are to be the primary funds for the payment of testatrix's debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, and the legacies other than the charitable ones.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Madame Virginie Pauline Beranger, late of 156, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, who died on Dec. 23 last, a widow and intestate, were granted in London, on July 26, to Charles Beranger, the son, and one of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £108,000.

The will of the late Lady Pender, of 18, Arlington-street, London, and of Fooths Cray Place, Kent, has been proved in the principal Registry under £57,000. This is exclusive of the deceased lady's settled and foreign property, which amounts to more than £180,000.

The will (dated March 1, 1884) of Mr. William Hinds, formerly of Byfleet, Surrey, and of Durlstone, in the county of Southampton, and late of Kings Walden, Bury, Hitchin, Hertfordshire, who died on April 4 last, was proved on July 25 by Mrs. Rebecca Briggs Hinds, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £51,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his wife absolutely, for her own use and benefit.

The will (dated Feb. 18, 1884), with a codicil (dated Dec. 7, 1889), of Major Augustus James William Northey, late of 61, Eaton-square, who died on June 29, was proved on July 26 by Mrs. Laura Sophia Northey, the widow, Reginald Bligh Wall and Harry Douglas Berkeley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testator bequeaths £500, and his pictures, books, plate, wines, household goods, furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; and legacies to executors, servants and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his daughter, Elizabeth Amy, for life, and then for her children as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Sept. 19, 1888) of Mrs. Charlotte Isabella Farrant, late of Pine Acre, Sunningdale, Berks, who died on May 24, was proved on July 25 by Major Henry Cecil

Binstead Farrant, the son, Miss Frances Elizabeth Farrant, the daughter, and Colonel Richard Henry Jelf, R.E., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £29,000. The testatrix gives special legacies of stocks, shares, jewels, ornaments, furniture, plate, &c., to her son and two daughters; and there are a few other legacies. The residue of her personal estate she leaves to her daughters, Frances Elizabeth and Katharine Charlotte.

The will (dated Sept. 10, 1884) of Mr. Robert Ponsonby Carew Hunt, late of 56, Queen's-gardens, who died on June 12, was proved on July 23 by Mrs. Ada Mary Hunt, the widow, and Thomas Henry Carew Hunt, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to his wife, and £1500 to each of his sons, Robert Frederick Sneyd Hunt and John Henry Sneyd Hunt. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children equally.

The will of Major-General Samuel Tryon, late of 23, Carlton-crescent, Southampton, who died on June 17, was proved on July 18 by Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey Charles Tryon, the son, and Miss Elizabeth Harriett Tryon, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000.

Messrs. A. Glendinning jun., A. Hartley, F. W. Jackson, R. B. Nisbet, and Julius Olsson have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists.

The next show of the Royal Agricultural Society is to be held at Doncaster, beginning on Monday, June 22, 1890, and in connection with this meeting prizes, amounting in all to £300, for farms, will be competed for by tenant farmers in Yorkshire.

The third summer meeting of the University Extension students began in Oxford on Aug. 1, with an opening address delivered by Professor Max Müller. The meeting was divided into two parts—the earlier general, and the later for more special work.

Mr. Thomas Edward Scrutton, of the Middle Temple and South-Eastern Circuit, has been elected Lecturer on Common Law to the Incorporated Law Society; and Mr. Hugh Fraser, of the Inner Temple and Northern Circuit, has been reappointed Lecturer on Equity.

At Dulwich College the Bishop of Rochester presided at the distribution of prizes, a large company being present. Prize distributions have also been held at the Royal Naval School, Eltham, the Earl of Stanhope presiding; and at the schools of the Middle Class Schools Corporation, Cowper-street, Lord Reay presiding.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland made a state entry into Londonderry on July 31, for the purpose of opening the new Guildhall. He was enthusiastically received. In his reply to an address presented at the Guildhall, he said that Ireland was practically free from crime, and the social condition of the country had greatly improved. He had been much impressed by the evidence of the prosperity of the North of Ireland. His Excellency left by special train for Coleraine, where, having received and replied to an address of welcome, he left for Portrush, en route for the Giant's Causeway.

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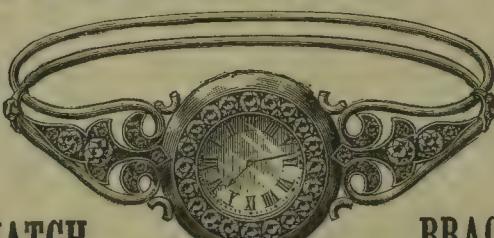
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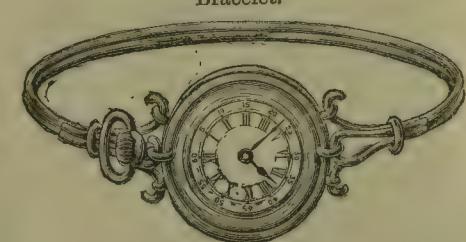


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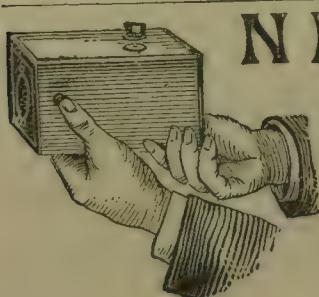
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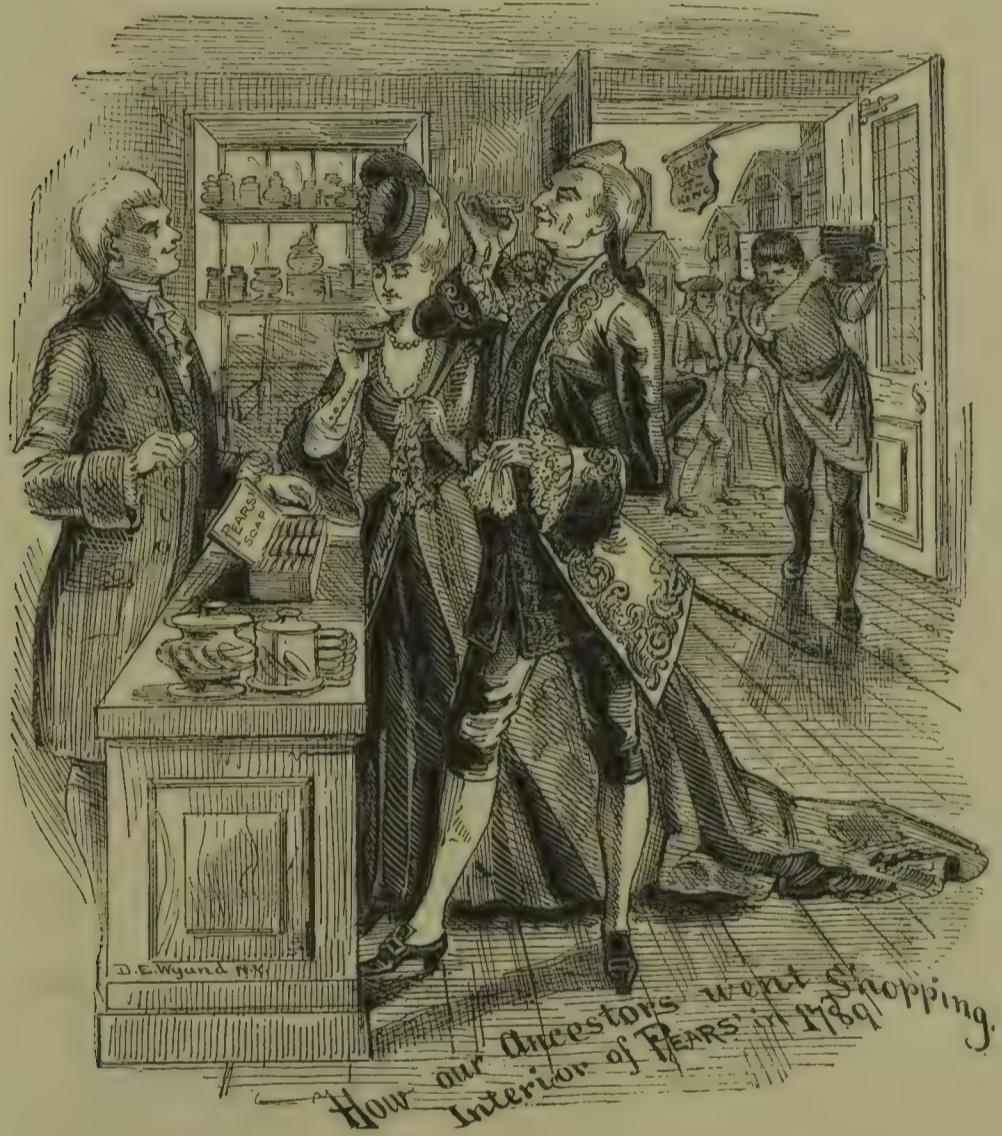
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Yachting and seaside dresses show less change from year to year than any other style of costume. The main variation in the ever-useful and popular dark-blue serge is in the style of trimming—whether it shall be relieved with white or gold or red of the same material, or whether it shall be trimmed with braid, and, in the latter choice, what the colour of braid and buttons shall be. The most fashionable style of make for a blue-serge gown is still a perfectly tight-fitting bodice, with a narrow vest of some contrasting colour inserted; or with a vest of the same material as the rest of the dress, trimmed on either side with a broad band of braid, or with two or three narrow rows, and fastened down the centre with a great many small buttons, gold, blue, or white, according to the colour adopted for trimming. There should, for present fashion, be invariably a band of the trimming round the foot of the skirt, instead of a lengthwise panel; and the sleeves must be a little raised on the shoulders, for it is these trifles which mark the newness of the frock, and not any decided variation in style from the similar gowns worn any time during the last five years.

It is not absolutely necessary to make a seaside serge thus plainly. One recently designed for the Princess of Wales has a full folded vest of white soft silk all along the top from shoulder seams and collar alike, gathered into a point at the bust to fit into the centre of the corselet bodice, which is cut heart-shape at the top—that is, a little lower in the middle than at the sides, and is laced down the centre with a white silk lace. Over this a little loose-fronted jacket of blue cloth, with big mother-of-pearl buttons down each side, is to be worn on occasion. Another dress has a coat bodice made very like a naval officer's jacket, only the revers are edged with a small round gold braid, and the coat is held in to the waist by a gold belt. There is a separate waistcoat, of white moiré with gold buttons. Round the skirt is a band of white serge, on which a narrow band of moiré cut out in peaks and outlined with gold is appliquéd. Another very smart yachting dress is in white serge, with full sleeves and vest of red cloth, and the skirt lifted at the left side to show a touch of the same red simulating an under-skirt.

It is not now so much the fashion as it at one time used to be to dress sisters precisely alike. The fashion was usually a mistake, whether for little girls or for elder maidens; it is, indeed, frequently quite cruel to compel one girl to wear the same costume in every detail as her sister. Such a fashion chiefly serves, like Joseph's coat of many colours or Benjamin's double mess of pottage, merely to emphasise that favouritism which, perhaps, parents cannot but feel among their own children, but which it should be a constant strenuous effort on the part of every mother in such a case not to display. Among one's children, as among one's brethren, and indeed one's acquaintances at large, it is hardly possible to help having a preference, if one's feelings be warm. Who knows what it is that attracts love? Not beauty—that is in the eye of the beholder. Not always sweetness of temper or goodness of disposition—the parent's best-beloved will sometimes be the weakest or worst of the brood. Not helpfulness and service—we love those whom we aid and for whom we make sacrifices, and cannot reasonably ask for love from them for the same cause viewed on the reverse side, but must fortify ourselves against possible coldness and ingratitude with the reflection that, as it is sweeter and yet more difficult to love than it is to be loved, the giver in every case has the best of the bargain.

For none of those reasons, nor for any other common-sense reason that can be conceived, does a mother love one child

more than the rest. But be the cause what it may, and however inscrutable, and however the tendency be fought against, the fact remains that one child of a family is often dearer than another, awakens more devotion, more ardent affection, and more admiring and tender regard than the rest. Very good; a mother will inevitably, if she insist on dressing all her girls alike, dress the others up to her best-beloved's complexion and style. If your darling be dark and sallow, can you put her in white and gold, when scarlet is so much more becoming to the face? Scarlet really does not suit her sister with the pale colouring and tender light-grey eyes—but you easily persuade yourself that it will "do" for her far better than white or blue would "do" for her sister.

In such a case, where there are two girls who differ greatly in colouring and style, let them on no account be dressed alike, but let each have what really and absolutely does suit her best. Even when they are yet children, be sure that the one who is slighted and sacrificed to the other will know it well—sadly too well; and as they grow into early womanhood, the suffering of being always made second and put in the background grows terribly keen. It happens, alas! with pathetic frequency in this muddled-up world that the longing for love is in inverse proportion to the power of attracting it; and that the reserved, awkward, or outwardly cold and self-sufficient girl, or, on the other hand, the apparently light-minded, careless, frivolous one who seems to care for nothing deeply, is, in fact, far more ardent and more hungry for the love that she cannot draw or retain, than is her fortunate sister, whose caressing, attractive, easy ways educe the affection of others. Well, a mother may not be able to help the fact that one child gives her more joy and is more dear to her innocent soul than the rest. But, for the sake of kindness and motherly duty, let her fight hard to conceal her emotions in this regard, and, above all, let her be careful to show no material and outward preference to the favourite, for this poisons the springs of life at their fountains for her children, and works early havoc in their souls such as no after sunshine of the affections can repair.

This is a very serious disquisition to come out of the trifling topic of the colours of sisters' frocks! Never mind! Well do I know that I have spoken to many a heart, and perchance I may have aroused some maternal consciences, and so spared some pangs to jealous, sensitive, unhappy, unfavoured girls.

August's number of the *Woman's World* is a very good one. As befits the season, there is a good deal about travelling in it. There is an especially attractive account of Dartmoor—"a glorious expanse of gorse and heather, of breezy uplands and rock-crowned hill"—which has the advantage of giving practical information on how to get to various places of interest, and where to stop near the moor. The needlework article tells how to make a bathing-gown; and there is another paper of the same class, beautifully and yet practically illustrated, on "French embroidery on canvas." There are three biographical sketches, all on novel subjects—Ida Pfeiffer, the great woman-traveller, Marie de Mezières, the writer of a famous collection of love-letters, and a French woman of the last century, Madame d'Ours. The only two contributions from men in the number are both excellent—Mr. Frederick Dolman's interview with Mrs. Kendal, to which is attached a charming portrait; and a brief protest from Mr. H. Storer Bowen, LL.B., against the inadequate remedy given by the law at present for slanders against the fair fame of women. He concludes that, if women had exercised an influence on legislation, this law would have been altered long ago, and that

when women get "the Franchise and a right to sit in the legislature, an era of reform will commence which will render half the leading text-books on law waste-paper."

In this I thoroughly agree with Mr. Bowen. Even now, when men's consciences have been greatly aroused on these matters by the persistent efforts of some of us on behalf of our sex, new injustices are constantly creeping in. For instance, the Committee on the New Bankruptcy Law have recently decided that a man shall not be allowed to clear himself by becoming bankrupt of liability to pay damages to a husband (another man) whom he has injured, but shall in every analogous case be able to free himself from damages due from him to a woman whom he has injured. So even to-day do men make laws for the unrepresented sex!—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

REWARDS FOR GALLANTRY.

An unusually large number of cases of saving life in various parts of Great Britain and the Colonies has been submitted to the committee of the Royal Humane Society for investigation and reward. In July seventy-two persons were rescued from drowning out of seventy-six cases, four persons having succumbed before help could reach them. Two silver medals were awarded, nineteen bronze medals, and a large number of testimonials recording the services rendered and the thanks of the society to the other salvors. Silver medals were awarded to Private R. Thortle, 1st Welsh Regiment, for saving, in Bighi Harbour, two members of his regiment about 150 yards from the harbour. The boat in which Thortle and his comrades were was capsized by a sudden squall. The second silver medal was bestowed upon Basil H. Thompson, private secretary to Sir W. M'Grigor, Administrator of British New Guinea, for saving J. H. Desouza, off Fort Moresby, the south-east point of New Guinea, under circumstances of an extremely gallant character. The latter case was recommended by Lord Knutsford. Among the recipients of the bronze medals of the society were H. Weston, of Sunderland; S. F. Lemmon (2), Portsmouth; Walter Plumb, Sandy; H. Stoneley, Chester; W. Wells, Leicester; F. Richbell, Tresco, Scilly Islands; A. Moseley, constable, Birmingham Police Force; F. Salvo, India; H. C. Fraser, Basingstoke; J. Darrell, postman, Mortlake; G. H. Langshaw, Hampton; James Graham, Motherwell; A. M'Culloch, Norwich; H. Guthrie, Fife; A. Elkin; Bombardier R. Arbuthnot, R.A., Sheffield; G. H. Saunders, Moseley; H. Edwards, Cardiff; H. W. Long, Newbury; W. Trener, New Lynn; G. Briscoe, Edmonton; and St. J. Woodcock, Warrington. A number of certificates recording the circumstances of each case, and conveying the thanks of the society, were also awarded for saving life.

The Board of Trade have received through the Foreign Office a gold watch, with monogram and portrait, which has been awarded by the German Emperor to the master of the British sailing vessel Aldborough, in recognition of his services to the crew of the Bremen steamship Marcobrunner, which was stranded in October last.

The Prince of Wales, who is honorary Colonel of the 12th Middlesex (Civil Service) Rifle Volunteers, has signified his intention of contributing 100 gs. to the fund for the establishment of a new headquarters for that corps. The Governor and Directors of the Bank of England have promised 100 gs., and Viscount Bury, the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding, £100. In addition to these donations, subscriptions have been received or promised to the amount of £2000 out of the £3000 which will be required.

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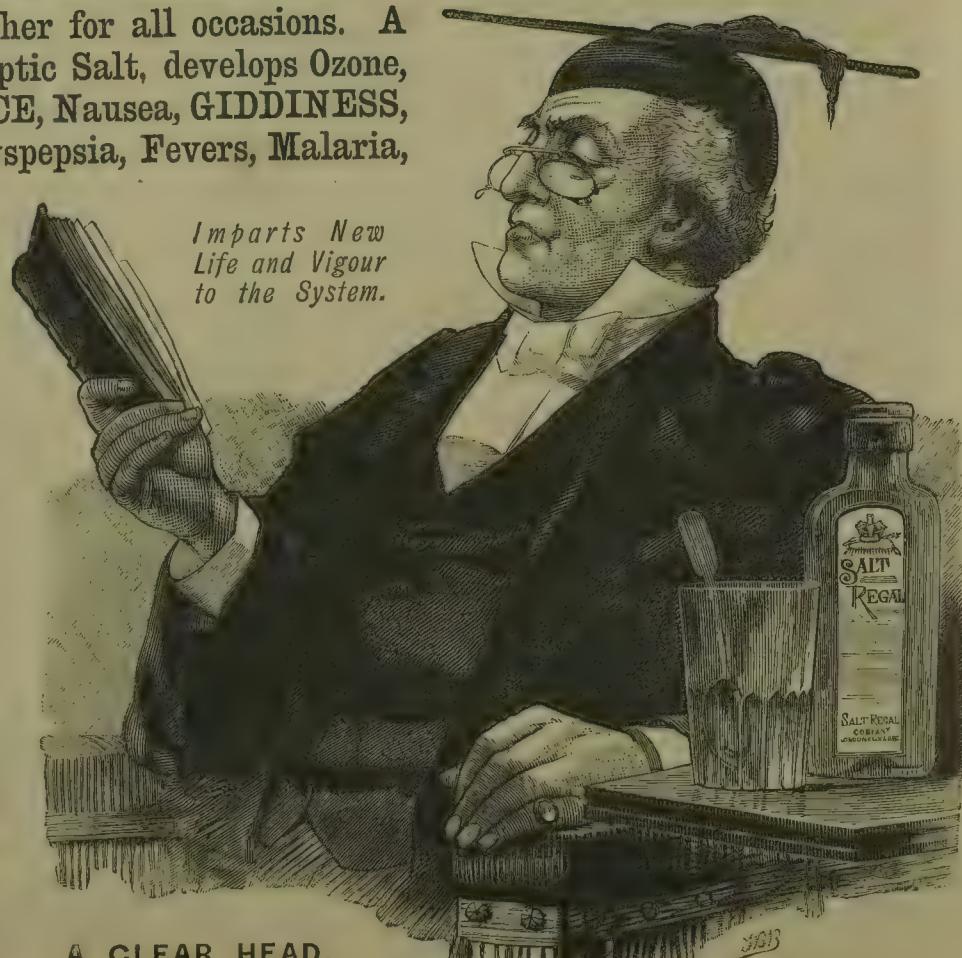
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FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Chamber of Deputies has voted the grant of 400,000 fr. towards the cost of establishing another cable between England and France, which it is hoped may be useful for telephonic purposes.

The Belgian Senate has approved the Congo State Convention Bill.

The International Medical Congress has been held at Berlin, five thousand physicians, including many from England, America, Austria, and France, being present. It was opened on Aug. 4 by Professor Virchow, the president, who, after welcoming the delegates, conveyed the sympathy of the Emperor William with the object of the gathering, and added that his Majesty had deputed a representative of the Royal house to receive the members. Sir Joseph Lister delivered an address on the present position of antiseptic surgery, and Sir James Paget was elected honorary president.—The Berlin Veterinary College has celebrated the centenary of its foundation with great ceremony. The Minister of Agriculture presented an oil-painting of the Emperor, the gift of his Majesty, and congratulatory speeches were delivered by the heads of various scientific institutions, as well as by several foreign delegates who were present.

The Emperor of Austria reviewed the garrison of Graz on Aug. 4. He afterwards inspected the public buildings, and laid the foundation-stone of the new National Museum. His Majesty was everywhere received by the crowd with the greatest enthusiasm. He returned to Ischl next day, where he

will remain until after the celebration of his birthday, on the 18th.—The marriage between the Archduchess Valerie and the Archduke Francis Salvator was solemnised in the parish church at Ischl, on July 31, in presence of the members of the Imperial family.

In the Revolution at Buenos Ayres, now over, it seems that about 1000 persons were killed, and 5000 others wounded.

The Hon. Duncan Gillies, Premier and Colonial Treasurer of Victoria, introducing the Budget in the Legislative Assembly, estimated the surplus at £465,000.

The Sultan of Zanzibar has issued a decree dealing with the subject of slavery in his dominions. The ordinances in force prior to the conclusion of the Anglo-German Agreement are to remain binding. The sale or exchange of slaves is absolutely forbidden, and slave dépôts are prohibited under severe penalties. Slaves will henceforth be allowed to purchase their liberty, the masters being obliged to sell.

There have been disastrous floods in China, caused by the overflow of the River Peiho.

Viscount Dungarvan, eldest son of the Earl of Cork, has been appointed Provincial Grand Master of Somerset, in succession to the late Earl of Carnarvon.

Bank Holiday was very generally celebrated on Aug. 4, and the streets of every part of London were crowded with people flocking in thousands to popular places of suburban resort. Every park and common in and around the metropolis had large numbers of visitors, and there was an immense traffic on the river and on all the railways.

ART MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

The August number of the *Magazine of Art* contains a large amount of readable matter on subjects interesting to all artists. And for black-and-white draughtsmen especially there are two articles dealing with their branch of art which deserve perusal. One is the continuation of Mr. Williamson's article on Illustrated Journalism in England, and the other contribution is by Mr. George Du Maurier, entitled "The Illustrating of Books," a chatty and interesting sketch of the progress of book-illustration during the last fifty years. A short poem by Cosmo Monkhouse, illustrated by Harry Furniss, and articles by Miss Mabel Robinson and Mr. Phené Spiers supply the main material for this month's magazine, which has an etching of Munkacsy's picture of "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters," as frontispiece, and contains many engravings of the usual good quality.

The most notable contribution to the *Art Journal* this month is the article on old riverside inns, dealing with some of the most famous hosteries of the lower Thames, and illustrated with views of some of the quaint tumble-down old buildings half hidden among the wharves and quays which line the river banks. The account of Mr. W. B. Richmond and his work is continued by Mr. Higgins, and accompanied by excellent reproductions of some of the artist's pictures. Claude Phillips, under the heading "The Summer Exhibitions at Home and Abroad," this month reviews the two Paris Salons of the year, and an article on "Bologna," by Helen Zimmern, and a short historical account of Dieppe, by Lady Colin Campbell, complete a number of average interest.

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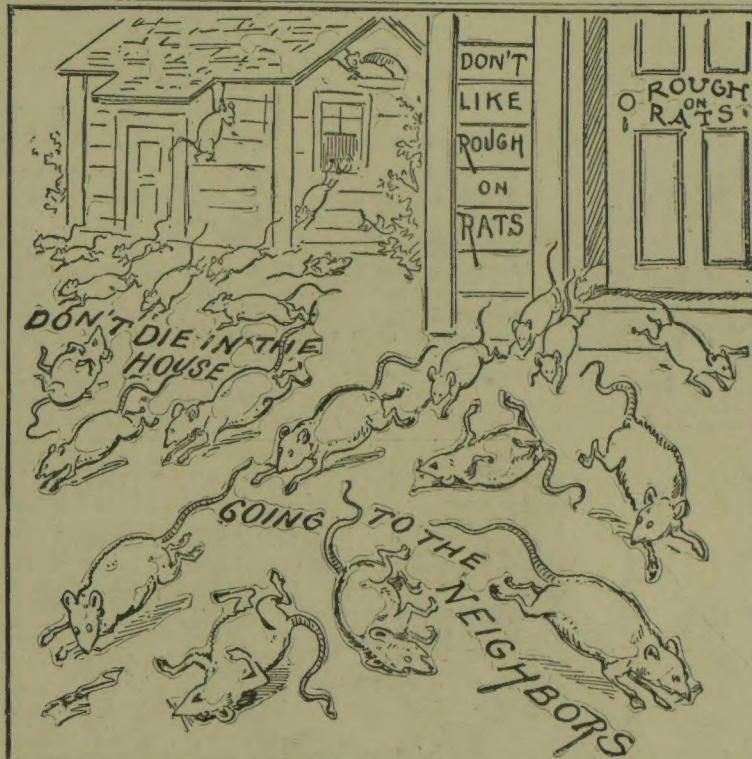
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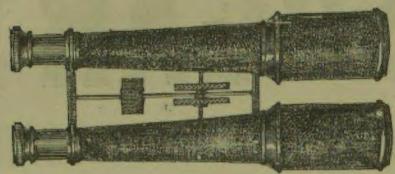
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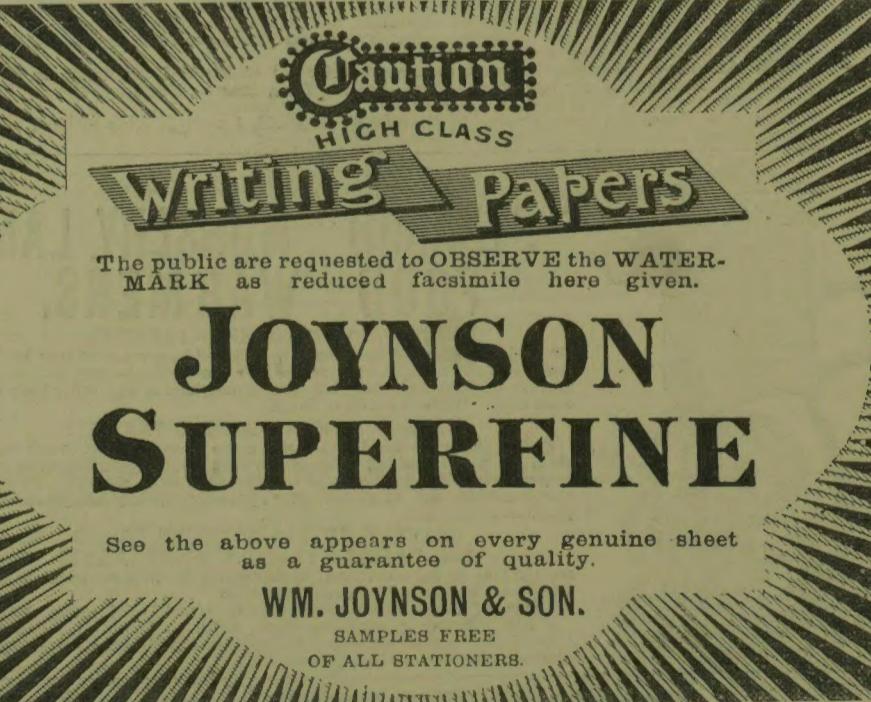
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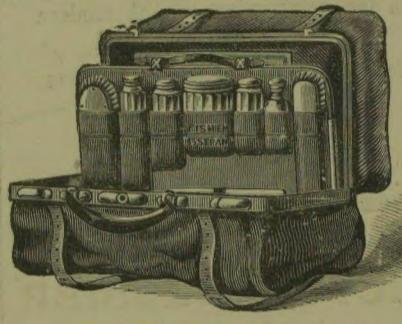
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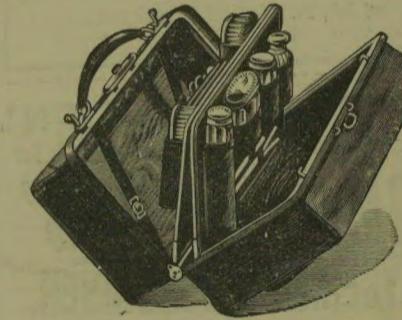
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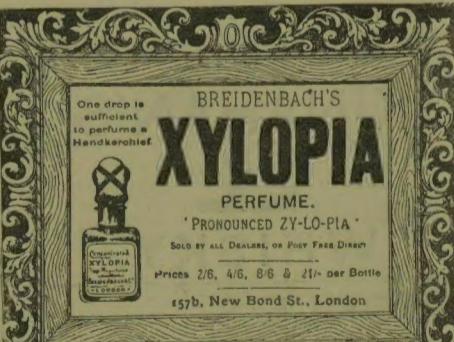
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